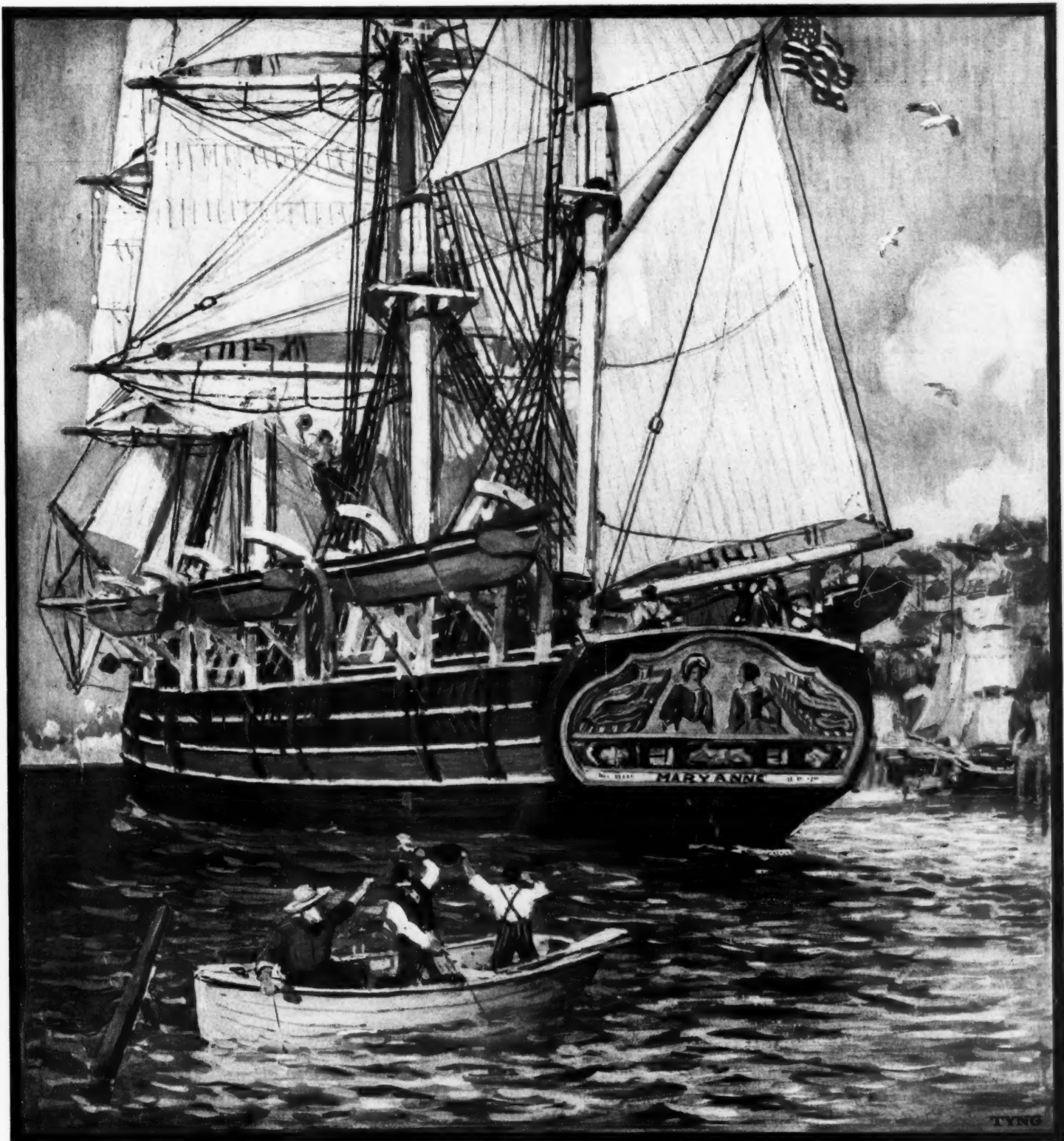


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE • HIGH HOPE AND
PIERCING HEARTACHE STOOD SIDE BY SIDE
ON THE DECK OF EVERY OUTWARD-BOUND
NEW BEDFORD WHALER • • OF SEVEN HUNDRED
SAIL AND TWENTY THOUSAND SEAMEN •
ONLY MEMORIES REMAIN • • THE BRAVE HEARTS ARE
STILL • THE OLD SHIPS GONE • BUT THE MEMORIES
WILL LIVE FOREVER

MAY 7, 1925



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EMPHYSEMA

THE term "emphysema" is used in medicine to denote two distinct and unlike conditions. The one is what might be called "air dropsy," the distention of the subcutaneous tissues with air or gas; the other is a dilatation of the air cells in the lungs. It is the second that we shall discuss.

The lungs are composed of thousands of minute cells that form the terminations of the last of the minute divisions of the bronchial tubes. The thin partitions between the cells contain a network of capillary blood vessels, and it is there that the blood is purified. In emphysema these air cells are dilated, and several are converted into one cavity by the breaking down of the partitions between them, thus greatly restricting the interchange of gases in the blood.

The cause of emphysema may be anything that necessitates violent expiratory efforts, such as a hard chronic cough, whooping cough in adults, asthma, glass-blowing, playing on brass wind instruments, any occupation that calls for lifting heavy weights, and so forth. Sometimes there appears to be an hereditary predisposition in certain families.

The earliest symptom is difficulty in breathing; at first it is only an exertion, but later it becomes habitual and often worse at night. The difficulty is at first chiefly in expiration; the elasticity of the lungs is lost, and the chest muscles and the diaphragm have to force the air out. This imperfect emptying of the lungs means less room for fresh air, and the resulting "air hunger" makes inspiration also more difficult. Soon the poor aeration of the blood is shown by blueness of the lips and sallowness of complexion. In prolonged cases the constant elevation of the ribs gives rise to the deformity called barrel-shaped chest. A late result of the trouble is dilatation of the heart and eventually dropsy.

There is no curative treatment. The most the physician can do is to support the heart by appropriate remedies and relieve the paroxysms of short breath by inhalations of oxygen and by cupping the chest. The diet should be simple, and all foods likely to cause flatulence must be avoided. Great care must be taken also to avoid exposure to cold and wet, for the addition of acute bronchitis to the emphysema will greatly aggravate the patient's sufferings.

HOW "ALICE" WAS ILLUSTRATED

THE recent death of Harry Furniss of Punch has recalled to mind the amusing account that he once gave of his experiences with Lewis Carroll of Alice in Wonderland fame, one of whose later stories, Sylvie and Bruno, he had undertaken to illustrate. He had been asked to do so only after Sir John Tenniel, also of Punch's staff, the pictorial creator of the immortal Alice herself, had refused in disgust to attempt the task, saying that he absolutely could not stand "that conceited old don" any longer.

Whether or not conceited was the proper adjective to apply, it is quite certain that the Rev. C. L. Dodgson in fact was as difficult to get along with as Lewis Carroll in fiction was delightful. He had no understanding of art; in criticizing it the man of fancy vanished and the mathematician came to the fore in a manner as exasperating to an artist as it was absurd.

"He subjected every illustration when finished to a minute examination under a magnifying glass," said Mr. Furniss. "He would take a square inch of the drawing, count the lines I had made in that space and compare their number with those made on a square inch of illustration for Alice by Tenniel. In due course I would receive a long essay on the subject from Dodgson, the mathematician."

It was too much! Mr. Furniss stood it for a

while and then declared that if it were to continue he must throw up the job. Mr. Dodgson was shocked and surprised; he wrote that it was a cruel disappointment to him to receive such a declaration "on account of a single square inch of a picture as to which we disagree"; and he suggested—of all things!—that they should settle their differences in print.

"You shall have your say first, and my paper will come out as an answer to yours," he offered, evidently intending to be scrupulously fair; and he added: "I am sure you will not object to my giving a few mathematical statistics, which my readers can easily verify, and pointing out that by actual measurement—I have just done it carefully—the height of Sylvie, with the dead hare, is just under six diameters of her own head."

Mr. Furniss did not accept the idea of settlement by public dispute; neither did he try to correct Mr. Dodgson's estimate of how many times, allowing for proper perspective and foreshortening, a little girl's height should contain the diameter of her head. He merely reiterated that he would not be further interfered with. He finished the illustrations of Lewis Carroll's last story; had there been yet another one the Rev. Mr. Dodgson would have had to secure another illustrator.

CRACKING A WHIP IN CHURCH

OUR own country is so young in years and its customs and conditions have changed so rapidly during its brief existence that we know nothing of those curious customs which persist for generation after generation in a venerable country like England. In some English manors singular practices are still observed. For example, says Dr. G. C. Williamson in his book *Curious Survivals*, at Caistor in Lincolnshire a most peculiar service was retained until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The owner of the estate known as Brigg held certain lands subject to the performance on Palm Sunday of every year of the ceremony of cracking a whip in the church; while the clergyman was reading the first lesson the tenant cracked the whip three distinct times in the church porch and then folded it up. As soon as the second lesson was commenced he went up to the clergyman, presented the whip to him, held it over his head and waved it three times, holding it in that position during the reading of the lesson. The whip had a purse tied at the end of it, which was supposed to contain thirty pieces of silver; it had also four pieces of elm attached to it, representing the Gospels. The three cracks were typical of St. Peter's denial of his Lord, and the waving of the whip over the clergyman's head was supposed to be an act of homage to the Blessed Trinity.

The origin of the ceremonial goes back to exceedingly remote times and is said to have been connected with a penance imposed on some tenant for an act of murder.

HEN'S EGGS IN A RATTLER

DAMONDBACK rattlers, which, writes a correspondent, are now rarely found in the highly cultivated parts of Florida, were common in the late eighties when the first orange groves were started. Mr. W. C. Morrow, a pioneer orange grower, tells of an odd experience with a diamond-back rattler that raided his henhouse.

Attracted by the frantic scolding of a hen that he had set the night before on a dozen eggs, Morrow hurried to the henhouse, where he found a large rattler coiled in the nest. Returning with his shotgun he decapitated the intruder.

While removing the dead snake from the nest, he noticed the wavy contour of the rattler's belly, caused by the dozen eggs that it had swallowed. He opened the abdomen and recovered them; only one was cracked. After washing and drying them he put the eleven under the hen again. Nine chicks were hatched.

THE KINDLY CRITIC

WITH a jolt the car came to a sudden stop in the middle of a busy street. The self-starter refused to act, and the driver was forced to dismount and try to crank the engine with the aid of the starting handle. For five minutes he twirled the handle furiously while a small crowd collected.

At last an old lady stepped forward and pressed a penny into the perspiring motorist's hand.

"My good man," she said gently, "I wish all hand organs were as quiet as yours."

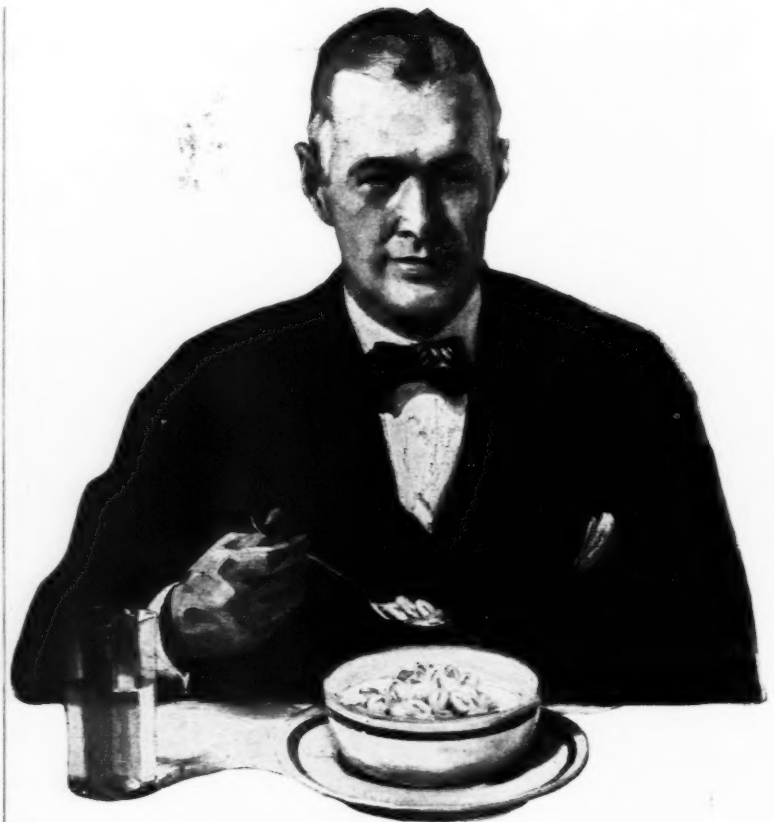
HOW MANY LEGS HAS A SHEEP?

HOW many legs has a sheep? the teacher asked.

The butcher's small son lifted his eyes inquiringly. "Please, ma'am, do you mean a live sheep or a dead one?"

"Isn't it just the same?" said his teacher.

"No'm," was the reply. "There's a big difference. A live sheep has four legs. A dead one only has two; the two fore legs are shoulders. There are only two legs of mutton."



For Men

Who seek a change in diet

—PUFFED GRAINS, crisp and toasty
with the richness of nutmeats!

VARIETY—that's the secret of pleasing a vagrant appetite. Change from the usual breakfast, to a food so different, so delicious that no one can resist it.

TOMORROW—serve Quaker Puffed Rice; the daintiest, the most alluring of all cereal foods. Flavoury grains steam exploded to eight times their normal size, gay as the morning, delicious beyond compare.

You serve with cream or milk, or in bowls of half and half. Then too with fresh or cooked fruit.

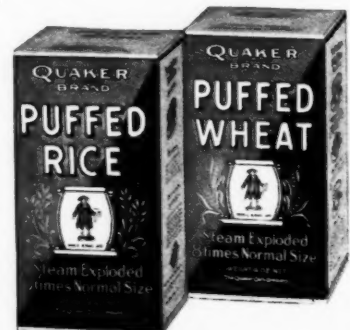
You give it to the children as a breakfast adventure, a supper delight; as a between meal tidbit to take the place of sweets. There are scores of ways, each way a new delight. Today, order Quaker Puffed Rice of your grocer.

Puffed Wheat, Too

Quaker Puffed Wheat is another cereal delight—grains of wheat exploded like the rice. Most mothers get a package each of the wheat and the rice. And thus supply variety.

The new Quaker Cook Book is ready

Send for it. 96 new and universal recipes, covering everything from correct soup thickening to cookies and desserts—oats, wheat, rice, corn, barley, illustrated in color. Send 10c for a copy postpaid. The Quaker Oats Company, Room 1604, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago.



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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THE WAY TO GLORY



HERE were three posts where the division fence joined the Hubbard fence and the Moser fence. On one of those posts sat Marta Hubbard; on another sat Maylou Pomeroy; and on the third sat Ellis, Marta's small brother.

"It's going to be the principal event of the year," said Maylou Pomeroy.

Marta maintained a proud silence. "It ain't going to be anything at all like other Decoration Days," said Maylou. "I've been so used to going out and decorating graves with arby vity wreaths and flags that I'm getting tired of it. But this is going to be absolutely different, now that General Grant is coming."

Respect, awe and triumph were in Maylou's voice, but Marta refused to show that she was impressed. "My father saw him in Chicago," she said.

"There's lots of folks seen General Grant," retorted Maylou, "but there ain't many that's seen him in an event like this. The principal of our school has planned the whole programme, and we've been drilling on it for a week. We sing Hail Columbia and America and make a living flag out of ourselves. We get front seats in the band stand while General Grant is speaking, and after that we're going to be introduced to him, prob'ly. He'll prob'ly speak to each one of us. We're practicing on 'Proud to meet you' already, so if he does. There's going to be one girl for each state in the Union. I'm Texas; that's the largest. I'm going to wear my white dress and my French kid shoes and a new pink hair ribbon."

"Prob'ly it'll rain," suggested Marta hopefully, but with a horrible sinking of heart.

"We can go into the band stand if it does."

"Ain't you going, Marta?" asked Ellis.

"She can't," said Maylou. "She ain't no veterand's daughter."

"My father's thinking of taking us to Strawberry Point that day," observed Marta.

"I think that's wicked," said Maylou. "It's about as bad as sewing on Sunday to go to a picnic on Decoration Day. I don't think General Grant would like it at all. It ain't patriotic. But I guess your father ain't very patriotic, Marta, seeing he ain't no veterand himself."

Marta flushed with rage. "He's as patriotic as General Grant!" she said. "It ain't his fault he ain't a veterand. He ran away to camp when war broke out, but they wouldn't take him; he was too young and spindly."

"My father was young too," said Maylou, "but he just made 'em take him. He wouldn't take no for an answer. He was a drummer boy when he went in, and he came out a captain. That's why they let me be Texas. They gave me my first choice."

"Aw, Texas!" said Marta scornfully. "Texas is the proudest state in the Union! Thousands of steers roam its vast plains. The reason why you say that, Marta Hubbard, is because you ain't ast in. I guess the principal ain't to blame because your father wasn't in the war. Nobody can be a state unless their father was in it. I guess the principal would have preferred a man to fight for his country rather than stay at home and be strictly safe. I guess your father—"

"You just leave my father be," said Marta with a calmness that foreboded trouble.

"I guess your father liked safeness better than fighting—"

There was a pounce, a bump and the two

By

Marian

Hurd

McNeely

DRAWN BY PERRY BARLOW



No matter what else happened to her in the years ahead, nothing could ever take this triumph away

little girls rolled off the posts, locked in a warlike embrace. As they reached the sidewalk they separated and, standing like two fighting cockerels, glowered at each other.

"Don't you ever hint again about my father being a coward!" threatened Marta.

"Well, then, you leave Texas be," retorted Maylou with spirit.

"I wouldn't go to your old Grant's celebration," sneered Marta.

By that time Maylou had reached her own front porch. From the safety of her home she flung back the parting taunt: "You couldn't! You ain't a veterand's daughter!"

Monday was the first hard day of a tragic week in Dubuque. Tuesday Mrs. Richardson bought a white surah sash with fringed ends for Harriet to wear in the parade. Wednesday all the girls except Marta stayed after school to practice. Thursday every neighbor covered her flowering almonds and snowballs and lilac bushes with mosquito netting to save them for the great day. Friday Mrs. Kitchen brought home yards and yards of red, white and blue bunting and fashioned liberty caps for all the little girls in the neighborhood except Marta. Saturday all the little girls except Marta locked arms and walked three abreast to the G. A. R. rooms to make wreaths of arbor vitae. And all the week on the way to and from school Marta was the spectre at the feast. Nothing was talked of except Memorial Day, and Marta, hurt, angry and humiliated, was a forlorn audience for seven days. And if there was anything that Marta hated it was being an audience.

"Can't we go to Strawberry Point on Monday?" she pleaded of her mother. "I'm afraid not, dear; father can't leave his office all day. But I'll take you down to the parade Monday morning."

"I don't want to go."

"Don't you want to see General Grant? You'll probably never have the opportunity of seeing him again."

"Oh, Mart'll go all right," said her older brother. "She's sore because she isn't in it."

"I wouldn't go if they ast me on bended knee," said Marta.

Then the new week started. Marta was talking to Lulu Hamman in Sunday school when Maylou came in. Marta was quick to see that she had on her second-best dress;

the embroidered Swiss had been saved for the great day. Maylou leaned directly across Marta to say to Lulu: "Are you all ready for tomorrow?"

"Yes," said Lulu.

"What you going to wear?"

"My best white."

"So'm I. That's why I haven't got it on today. Marta here can be as well as she likes. She doesn't have to save hers."

Marta's heart swelled. "I got two best dresses."

"They won't do you much good on Decoration Day."

"Decoration Day is for decorating graves, not people," retorted Marta. "And I hope, Miss Maylou Pomeroy, you won't wear that hat you got on. It'll stop the parade."

"I'll thank you kindly to leave my hat be," said Maylou. "I wear what I like, not what other people whose fathers wasn't in the war think is stylish!"

Miss Flora McCallum, their Sunday-school teacher, shook her head reprovingly at the excited little girls. "Leave your disagreements outside," she advised them. "Marta, I hope you're prepared to show as much interest in your lessons as you do in discussions."

"Hymn number sixty-three," announced the Sunday-school superintendent, beaming over his burnside whiskers. "Hymn number sixty-three in the hymnal. First and third verses. Come on now, all join in. I want to hear the boys' voices this time."

Miss Coy, at the piano, struck the first wheezy notes on the little melodeon, and the dispute died away in song.

It rained in the night, and Marta, awakened by the *plip, plip* on the tin roof of the porch, was again relieved. Perhaps it would storm all day. Perhaps General Grant wouldn't come. Perhaps the procession wouldn't move. Mrs. Pomeroy might keep Maylou at home on account of her cold. If worst came to the worst and they did go, they would probably have to wear their jackets over their red, white and blue glory, the mean ol' things! With that comforting thought she fell asleep again. But when she woke the sun was shining, lilac plumes were waving in the soft breeze, and the cardinal was running riot in the willow tree. It was a perfect golden, cloudless day. There was no hope. Nothing could prevent the coming of

Fate. The procession would certainly be held.

She left even her strawberries untouched at the breakfast table, but in the unusual hurry no one noticed.

"I'm going to bring the children down to your office to watch the parade," her mother said to her father. "I hate to spare the time, but I should like to have them see General Grant."

"I ain't going, I told you," said Marta.

"Well, you needn't go if you don't want to," agreed her mother. "You aren't afraid to stay at home. Nobody could hurt you, for everybody else in town will be at the parade. We won't be gone long. But I should think, Marta, you'd like to go; you probably won't ever get an opportunity to see General Grant again."

"I ain't going," said Marta with finality.

After breakfast she went out to her favorite seat on the fence post. From that point of vantage she could wring her heart with the sight of the festivities. In the next back yard she could see Mr. Moser's blue army coat flapping in the breeze that was to take out the wrinkles. From the Moser bedroom floated the sound of childish exclamations and the squeak of new shoes. Troops of children began to pass downhill to the parade. A grocery wagon, gayly decorated in red, white and blue tissue paper, rattled by; the empty baskets were hopping up and down, so frantic was the haste of the delivery boy. And then up the hill came the sight for which Marta had been waiting—the big, empty band wagon, the chariot that was to carry its load of patriotic maidenhood in triumphal glory. It rumbled along beneath its trappings of bunting and flags, followed by a procession of awed little girls and voluble small boys.

Marta shut her eyes and fled to her own room. She heard her mother bustling about downstairs, getting the children ready. Then the front door shut, and Ellis and John, shiny with soap and stiff with starch, went down the front walk with their mother. Marta was alone.

She ran to the closet under the eaves. From an upper shelf she pulled down her Sunday hat with the plaid ribbons. Her blue coat, kept only for state occasions, she brushed and put on. From her mother's drawer she extracted a pair of white kid

gloves, and from her father's closet she took his alligator-skin traveling bag. She looked ready for a trip to Egypt. Opening the side door, she looked cautiously round, then made her way to the fence posts. She laid her traveling bag ostentatiously upon the taller post. Then she seated herself upon the smaller one, turned back the folds of her coat so that the red lining would show and began leisurely to pull on the borrowed gloves. Her attitude was intended to express lofty indifference, and she achieved it perfectly.

The Carkeek family went by, the Rilands, Miss Sarah Wood in her purple plumed hat. Bent old men in shabby blue uniforms, some boy Zouaves with a drum and a flag and a peddler with his arms full of red, white and blue balloons passed. From Main Street sounded the first call of a bugle. And then down Chestnut Street came what she was waiting for—the band wagon, empty no longer, but with colors flying and banners waving! Over the open sides peered little girls in white with holiday ribbons and liberty caps on their heads. Everyone on the street turned to look as the horses were pulled up at the Moser door, and all of the little girls shrieked a welcome to Utah as Elizabeth Moser joined the chariot load. Maylou Pomeroy stuck out her tongue as she passed, and some of the other little girls recognized Marta.

"Ain't you going to the parade?" they called when the band wagon halted at the next door.

Marta held her head high. "Oh, is today the parade?" she said. "I clean forgot about it. No, I ain't going. I got other more important things to do."

"Where you going?"

"I ain't saying."

"You coming back tonight?"

"What use would it be, going to all the trouble of packing, if I was just going to stay one day, Bird Kitchen?"

Bird was silenced. Decoration Day was Decoration Day, but a trip was a trip. The crowd of little girls were all listening.

"How long you going to stay?"

"Depends on how long I like it," said Marta.

The driver took up his reins, and the band wagon rumbled triumphantly away. Marta sat stiffly on the fence post and watched it turn Dyer's corner. A drum corps on Main Street sent out an insistent invitation. The last tardy celebrants in the neighborhood went hurrying by. The ramrod that was Marta's spine grew less and less erect; her throat tightened; her eyes burned. There was no one left on the deserted street now, but she turned her face away from the sidewalk to hide the stream of tears that would flow. Oh, the bitterness of a world of veterans' daughters when your father has not been to war!

"Hello, little girl," said a voice.

Marta turned round slowly to give herself time to wipe her eyes. A country-looking wagon stood in front of her house. On the front seat sat a middle-aged farmer in overalls. On the back seat sat an elderly man with a cigar in his mouth, and beside him was a young man with a pleasant face. He smiled, showing the whitest teeth Marta had ever seen. "Which way to Washington Park?" he said.

Marta pointed to the south and tried to swallow the lump in her throat.

"Is it far from here?"

"Oh, yes, it's way downtown."

"Is your mother at home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you seem to be the only living human being in this neighborhood. I guess you'll have to tell us the way. Could you drive with us to the main part of town?"

Marta hesitated. She had been warned about strangers, but the three men in the farm wagon looked safe, and she certainly could come to no harm on the crowded streets. She was conscious of her tear-stained face and red eyes, but she hated to seem ungracious. "I guess so," she said finally. "Only I must take this valise back first."

"Were you going traveling?" asked the young man as he helped her into the wide back seat.

Marta flushed. "No, I was just pretending."

The man with the cigar smiled. "That's the greatest game in the world, making believe."

"Yes, sir," said Marta. "Turn to the right here."

"Where were you pretending that you were going?" asked the young man.

Marta looked confused. "Nowhere in

particular," she said. "I was just pretending I was going on a trip, so they wouldn't think I wanted to go to the parade."

"Did you want to go?" asked the young man.

Marta choked back the rock of Gibraltar that seemed to be lodged in her throat, but she could not trust her voice. She only nodded in reply.

The young man's friendly eyes smiled at her. "Why didn't you?" he asked.

Smouldering rage and a sense of injustice helped to steady her words. "Because I wasn't ast, that's why. Every Decoration Day they ride in the band wagon and decorate graves. All of 'em—Maylou Pomeroy and Maud Healey and Pearl Langstaff and 'Lizbeth Moser and Hattie Richardson and Lulu Hammann and Gussie Karberg and Bird Kitchen—every girl on the hill but me! They ast the ones whose fathers were in the war. Mine couldn't go 'cause he was too young. They never invite me; I'm ten, and I never once rode in the parade yet. That's why I pretended I was going somewhere else, so those of girls wouldn't think they were the only ones celebrating."

The laugh faded out of the young man's eyes. He looked from the excited little girl on the back seat to the man with a cigar, and there was a question in his glance. The older man nodded.

"Maybe you'd like to go with us," said the man with a cigar. "We've driven in from Julien to drive in this very parade, and we'll take you along. Would you like to go?"

"Maybe they won't let you," said Marta doubtfully. "They won't let anybody ride unless they're ast in."

"Then they'll have to put us out," said the young man. "We came for that very purpose, and we're not going back without it."

"I should like to see General Grant," said Marta. "That's the only part of the parade I care for."

"Do you think you'd know him if you saw him?"

"Of course," said Marta. "His picture is in my history. And I'd know him by his uniform; generals' uniforms are all gold and silver."

"Well, I shan't miss him then, with you to point him out to me," said the man with the cigar.

"Didn't you ever see him?" asked Marta. The man looked grave. "No," said he, "not face to face."

"You'd better decide to go with us," said the merry-faced man.

"I guess I will," said Marta. "It'd be something to show those of things they wasn't the only ones that could get a ride."

The farm wagon rattled noisily down the streets, which were gay with flags and bunting. But behind the festive colors were empty shells of houses. Every family was helping to swell the crowds that lined the Main Street of Dubuque. The band masters were assembling their corps on the side streets, and the sound of an impatient drum came now and then to their ears. The little girl directed the route.

"Better not stop for the hotel," said the older man. "We're too late; we can meet them at the starting point of the parade."

The driver took out his whip, and with a flourish the rusty sorrels trotted into Washington Square. The rattling wagon drove through the crowd, and the merry-faced man pointed out an empty landau the cover of which was thrown back. A resplendent colored driver was on the front seat; a group of "best citizens" were standing beside it, and a huge silk flag was draped over the back seat. "That must be for General Grant," he said. Aloud he called, "Good morning, friends."

There was a stir among the crowd, and impatient cheers seemed to urge the start of the parade. The little group of influential citizens turned and with out-stretched hands came hurrying up to the shabby farm wagon. Mr. John T. Hancock was there in his gray top hat, Mr. B. B. Richards, with his silvery mutton-chop whiskers, and Mr. D. N. Cooley, the banker with the dignified chin.

Mr. Cooley was the first to reach the wagon. "We feared you were not going to be with us," he said.

"We were held up by a wreck on the track ahead of us," said the elder man. "We drove in from Julien."

He threw away his cigar and leaned past Marta to shake hands. Then for the first time Marta saw! It was General Grant who had been riding by her side! A cold shiver began to creep up the little girl's back.

"We're all ready for you, general," said Mr. Cooley. "We consider ourselves indeed

fortunate to have you. Shall we take you to the hotel first?"

"No," said General Grant. "The people have waited too long now. Let's start."

The two men were assisted out of the farm wagon and into the magnificent landau. The driver of the wagon took a bill that was pressed into his hand. Marta looked round anxiously. Was she to be forgotten?

"Where is our little friend?" asked General Grant.

Some one—it was Mr. Cooley himself—lifted her out of her seat and into the landau. The general made room for her by his side. The bugle spoke, and the sharp note of a fife seemed to cut an avenue of sound through the crowd about the carriage.

"All ready," said Mr. Cooley, and the procession started.

With drum corps ahead and cornet band behind the carriage rolled out of the park. As it reached Main Street the air seemed to shake with cheers. General Grant's hand went again and again to his hat. Delicious little shivers ran up and down Marta's spine. She held herself erect and rejoiced that she had worn her best hat.

The band wagon filled with the little states of the Union was waiting on Seventh Street, and as Marta passed she caught the astonished glance of Texas. Surprise and awe were written upon Maylou's face, and she sat subdued as the other girls waved frantically to attract Marta's attention. Marta tried to look unconscious, as if driving with General Grant were an annual event, but her heart throbbed as she passed her rivals. The triumph was very sweet.

Through the sea of faces swept the long procession—policemen and firemen, boy Zouaves, the Governor's Greys, the files of men in shabby blue uniforms. Marta glowed and paled and trembled. She was Joan of Arc and Henry of Navarre and Paul Revere!

DRAWINGS BY
DUDLEY GLOYN
SUMMERS



SILVER TONGUES

By
Florence Crannell
Means

IT WAS a blue and gold afternoon in autumn, a perfect day to be out of doors.

Daphne Merriweather settled herself between Millicent and Anne and waited for the football game to begin.

"I suppose you're going to the all-college banquet with Jimmy Raymond?" Anne said to her.

"Not if I can think of a decent way out," replied Daphne.

"Well, you certainly don't have to go with him if you don't want to. Doesn't the young man recognize a 'no' when he meets one?"

"But he's really been awfully decent. And I have a miserable kind of conscience; the mildest kind of little fib sticks into me so there isn't any pleasure in it."

"Well, that's easy. Say you're engaged to us," Millicent proposed, "and then we'll go as the Three Graces in unattended feminine splendor. Oh, didn't you know?" she exclaimed at Daphne's glance of surprise. "Tony's laid up with a collar bone. And I decided Bob needed disciplining."

"Well, if we have to go together, let's go as grandly as we can," put in Anne. "We needn't look like a bouquet of wall flowers." "No," agreed Millicent complacently. "And it isn't as if we didn't look awfully keen together."

"You two certainly are the shrinking violets!" jeered Daphne. "Now I haven't any illusions myself; I know I have freckles on my nose."

"Yes, and oodles of black curly hair—"

"Kinky hair," Daphne corrected her and

She was Caesar at the head of his troops and Napoleon leading his army! No matter what else happened to her in the years ahead, nothing could ever take this triumph away. Dusting would go on and piano practice and arithmetic lessons and childhood's taunts, but she had ridden with General Grant!

The carriage rolled through the cemetery gates and up to the soldiers' burial ground. The general got out, and the smiling young man held out his hand to her. They found her a seat in the bunting-decked stand where General Grant was to speak, and she stood with the rest while the procession passed in review before him. And then Mr. Cooley announced the address of the day.

General Grant stood at Marta's side. She didn't miss the uniform; he looked like a soldier without it. He seemed older and tired too, Marta thought. Perhaps he was not well.

His talk was very short, just a reminder of what the men who lay below had given in sacrifice and what heritage they had left to Dubuque, to the nation and to the world. Then a great flag was unfurled in the air; its silken folds fell just above the general's head. He looked up and saluted, and the band crashed into the Star-Spangled Banner.

And then Marta knew what it all meant, the cheers and bunting, the music and flags. It meant love of your country and loyalty to it and belief in its ideals. And all of these things could be yours, even though your father was not a veteran. Marta had learned what it meant to be a citizen.

"I thought you were going out of town yesterday," said Maylou as they sat amiably on the porch next morning.

"I was all ready to go when General Grant came along," said Marta. "Of course I changed my plans then. It wouldn't have been patriotic to disappoint him."

pressed the defiant tendrils down with both hands.

"And your little pointed chin! And your eyes!" Anne was waxing enthusiastic, but Daphne interrupted her sardonically:

"Yes, and you forgot to mention that I have perfectly good teeth and a forehead. What are you girls going to wear?"

"That was exactly what I was trying to talk about," Anne was aggrieved. "We've all got thin white crêpes of some kind, being freshmen with a high-school graduation somewhere in the dim, scandalous offing. Well, let's wear colored slips under them and match up. I'll get orchid; and you, Millicent, you'd be a dream in a sort of foam green, and Daphne in a Frenchy blue. We'd blend together so beautifully. Stockings the same color of course. And—O girls! At Syman's they have a sale of absolutely adorable pumps for ten dollars. They're silvery Paisley things with Colonial tongues and the most gorgeous buckles; they look twenty dollars at least. Let's have them all alike."

"I think the dresses would be clever—and the stockings of course," Daphne hesitated. "About the pumps—well, I don't know—"

"Oh, the pumps are the best part of it," Anne said firmly.

And then the thought of sartorial splendors went from their minds as the cheering began. "Romley! Romley! Rom—Rom—Romley!"

Opposite them the seats were a palpitant mass of Aggie green and gold. Their own section throbbed with orange and black, and before them the cheer leaders were gyrating with a fervor almost religious. It was to be a big game.

"'Also' is one of the cheer leaders today," Millicent remarked during an ebb in the clamor.

"Also?"

"Yes, you know—Ran Davidson. They call him 'Also Ran,' don't you see? It's so clever, because really he always gets everything he goes in for. But he doesn't ever make a date with a girl!" Millicent sighed regretfully.

Daphne studied him with her cool, direct brown eyes. Older folk watching Ran Davidson as he carried his fellow students into mad enthusiasms of cheering probably saw him as a young Greek god, vibrant with youth and boyish beauty. But Daphne was not especially romantic, and she herself was young. So it was not a young Greek god whom she was watching a little wistfully, but only an upstanding, forthright boy with something singularly fine and clean about him that had marked him out from all the rest. They were in one class together, and she had noticed him from the first. She was quite sure too that he had noticed her, and there had been a sick little ache in her heart when the weeks had passed without any growth in the acquaintanceship.

"I think he could even talk so it wouldn't bore you to tears," she had written to her mother. "Now Jimmy's not so bad, but, oh, his line of conversation! I don't mind slang; goodness knows it would be a dull old world without any. But I do like a little of the English language interspersed occasionally. Jimmy has fifteen dozen rubber-stamp phrases, and he's tied a can to the rest of the dictionary. He uses them in rotation—I'll tell the world, 'hot dog,' 'lizard's wrist watch,' and so forth. It's awfully inconvenient not to have any kind of boy around, but I don't know whether I can stand much more of Jimmy."

A new wave of sound roared round Daphne and took her thoughts from everything except football. It was a hard-held tie till the last quarter, when Romley kicked a difficult field goal and ended the game with a score of three to nothing.

By the time dinner was over Daphne's pulse had quieted enough so that her mind could return to the all-college banquet and the question of dress. In the dormitories and the dining halls the excitement was doubtless still at the highest pitch. But Daphne did not live in the dormitories; she was earning her board and room by staying with a lonely old woman, Mrs. Briggs, whom her mother had known.

"'Twon't hurt me a mite to do the dishes tonight," Mrs. Briggs said to Daphne. "You're too tired. You look all of a fever, Daffy."

Daphne, however, insisted on helping. Over the foamy dish pan she studied her little problem. The colored slip—yes, that was absurdly simple; soap dyes would transform the white into the "Frenchy blue" of Anne's suggestion. Her one pair of white silk stockings she could dye also. But the slippers! Ten dollars might look small to self-indulgent Millicent and to Anne with her plethoric allowance from home. But when books and paper and essential fees were cared for Daphne would have just one dollar and fifty cents left to last till the first of the month, which was exactly ten days away.

The money could not come from home, for even her little monthly allowance was too great a drain on the family purse. There was no time to earn ten dollars; the extras that seemed to go with "being company" for Mrs. Briggs—dishwashing, dusting, errands—along with her own bit of washing and ironing and her studies filled almost all of Daphne's waking hours. There was little margin for the light-hearted friendships that the other girls enjoyed, little time for the social life that Daphne loved.

"Anne and Millicent with all their money!" she said to herself, frowning at the fat vegetable dish that she was wiping. "Let 'em have their gorgeous clothes that don't cost them two thoughts; I don't care for that. But it doesn't seem quite fair that they should have all the nice times too and the chance to meet the kind of people they really want for friends. There's no use talking, if you don't have time and money, people forget you're on the map, and pretty soon you wake up and find you really aren't."

But—the Colonial pumps! To be sure they were not absolutely necessary. If it were not for the other girls, she would scarcely have cared about them. But she felt pretty certain that something kind-hearted in Anne had suggested a costume in which they could all stand on an equal footing, and she longed to meet her halfway.

Thus far the question of clothes had not troubled her. Mother and she both had nimble wits and fingers, and the "college clothes cache" had been growing for years. Daphne's wardrobe was well selected, but it was not elastic.

"Well, I will if I can, but I certainly won't if I can't," she concluded with sound philosophy as she pinned the dish towel energetically to the line on the back porch and plunged up the stairs to her room.

There she ranged her shoes in a soldierly line and reviewed them with a judicial frown: nice little snub-nosed, moccasin-tipped oxfords; tan outing boots; well-bred black pumps. Those were all except a pair of white satin slippers down at the end of the line; they had been the ultimate pride of her high school graduation, but some one with fresh blacking on his heels had put a period to their youth at the last party; nothing had served to efface the stain. Daphne administered a disgusted little kick to their maculate beauty.

On Monday after classes she walked down to Syman's with Anne and Millicent and watched them try on the "adorable" footgear. She held one of the slippers in her hand and studied it admiringly while the others were fitted.

"Do get yours while you are sure of them," Anne urged her. "They might sell out."

"I can't today."

"If it's money," Anne hesitated,—"if you're short just now, I can easily tide you over," and she half-extended her purse.

Daphne closed her lips firmly. "I am short," she admitted, "but I can't borrow. Maybe I'll manage though. Do you girls remember Amy March?"

Daphne laughed at their vexed bewilderment and refused to explain herself.

Next day she went to Syman's alone, but she did not go inside. She stood long at the window, gazing at the shining pump that stood in solitary splendor, satin-bedded like a crown jewel. She made a few notes in a book, gazed again and then went away. It was evident that no ten-dollar bills had rained from the skies.

However, when the great night of the all-college banquet arrived it was a resplendent Daphne, complete to the toe of a Paisley slipper, that dawned upon her companions.

"Oh, you did get them! Syman's hadn't sold out!"

"I seem to have them," Daphne assented. "Isn't it the most realistic night, with the moon coming up like a big red dish pan behind the trees?"

In laughter and high, inconsequent spirits they hastened on to the dinner. It was all that a dinner could be, with flowers and friends—and food of course—and toasts and songs across the cleared damask after dessert. Daphne had a chance to learn whether Ran Davidson would bore her to tears if she were to hear him talk, for he was sitting at her right, very correct in his evening clothes.

He did not bore her to tears. Back and forth they tossed the gleaming ball of girl-and-boy badinage. Daphne felt her spirit rise light and free as thistledown; this was what she liked! And then they had a little time to talk quietly, just the two of them, and she found that that was what she liked too.

"We—we seem to be—what do they call it?—sort of *simpatica*," the boy ventured at last. "Keen about the same kind of things, you know."

"Yes, next thing you'll be telling me you loved Little Women—the book, I mean," she laughed back at him.

He leaned nearer and lowered his voice to a hoarse, dramatic whisper: "Will you guard the secret with your life, gurrri? Well, then I used to sneak out and read that thrilling book in deep seclusion and the haymow. I had two older sisters, you see, as well as the



"I'll be first aid," he offered eagerly, and they slipped out together

two kids, and they had all of Louisa M. But I must say my interest always fell with a thud when the lady authoress made Jo give Laurie the grand bounce. I never could rouse any enthusiasm for old Bhaer."

"I either!" Daphne said eagerly. "I don't think even these gloomy old Russian novelists we're studying—'ow I 'ate 'em!—give me such a sense of the dark futility of life as I had when Amy got Laurie."

Just then the chairs were pushed back, and, laughing like two children who share a delightful secret, they walked into the other room together.

And then it happened! A jostle, a jounce, a catapult of too-lively lads through the doorway, and Daphne was leaning against the wall, ruefully surveying her trampled foot.

"Clumsy idiots!" Ran ejaculated with comforting directness as he delivered a most inelegant kick at the nearest masculine ankle; and then, turning to Daphne, "Did it hurt much?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Daphne; "it's only what it did to my pump."

For one glistening Colonial tongue was hanging limply by its corner.

"I believe I'll run out here on the porch out of sight and see what I can do," she murmured, distressed.

"I'll be first aid," he offered eagerly, and they slipped out together.

In the faint light from a window she inspected the damage.

"Don't suppose it matters much to you," he observed. There was something almost resentful in his tone "Expensive pumps like that! You girls seem to find them growing on the bushes."

"Not this particular variety!" Daphne smiled. "Nary a bush!"

"Well, anyway it can be easily fixed."

"Not very," said Daphne; "it's just paper."

"Paper!" he ejaculated. "On a fancy shoe like that? What in the world makes you think so?"

"I don't have to think; I know." She chuckled. "Those tongues are made of two thicknesses of drawing paper out of my geology notebook; it was thick and soft almost like vellum. I pasted them together and painted them—oh, with ever and ever so many coats of paint."

Ran whistled incredulously.

"If you'll lend me a penknife,—do you carry one to dinner?—maybe I can rip both tongues off and be respectable again." She tucked her slim foot under her and worked with the little slipper while Ran

trained his pocket flashlight—fountain-pen size—on the stitches.

Then he took the shoe from her hand and studied it curiously. "Regular Cinderella slipper!" he said admiringly.

"Does it remind you of new radiators?" she asked him.

"New radiators? For the love of Mike, woman, rescue me from the maze you've thrust me into with your paper tongue—I mean your paper slipper tongue—and your radiators!"

There was something so intimate and friendly about this boy with the nice eyes that Daphne plunged gayly into the tale of the slippers that the girls had wanted her to get. "I hated awfully to disappoint them—or me!" she concluded, "and so—do you remember what Amy March did when she wanted some new shoes? No, being a boy, probably you wouldn't."

Ran was rumpling his hair and staring at the slipper. "Wait!" he cried. "I've got it! She painted 'em!"

"And so did I!" said Daphne. "That was what made me think of Little Women at the table tonight; I kept smelling the radiator paint. You see I used that silver bronze stuff for the groundwork, and then I did little Paisley designs all over it with my oils. It was lucky I knew how to paint a little."

"How to paint a little—slipper," Ran agreed gallantly. "But honestly you must know how to paint a lot to make such a slick job of it. How did you ever think of embroidering it, sort of, with a paint brush?"

"Well, you see a funny story bobbed up in my mind about some genius or other who was invited to a big affair where everyone was to wear court dress. He was awfully poor, but he appeared in a wonderful white brocade outfit all the same. And it was just paper that he had painted."

"These buckles?" Ran inquired hopefully, like a small boy on the trail of another story. "Paper too—or cardboard rather with sealing wax and beads. I copied the design from those in the window."

He watched her admiringly while she was ripping the tongue from the other shoe. Several times he started to speak, and at last he said: "Would it—would it seem awfully cheeky if I asked you a personal kind of question?"

"I don't believe you'd want to ask anything awfully cheeky," she said gravely.

Still he hesitated. "Did you just happen to be—was it just this special week that you were short of change? With seeds of money pouring in next Monday? Just a dislike of

borrowing or charge accounts or something?"

She flushed. "No," she said with her gaze questioning on the embarrassed face of the boy. "No, I couldn't have bought those pumps between now and Christmas."

"You see," he went on, "the girls round here all seem to have scads of money, and they expect a fellow to carry a roll big enough to choke an elephant. I learned last year what a lot it costs to be friends with any of them. So I've stayed clear. I didn't care so much—last year. And you know you hate to seem a cheap skate or to disappoint a girl either if she expects flowers and taxis and things."

He paused, flushed to the tips of his ears.

But Daphne's face was all eager sympathy and comprehension, and he stumbled on. "You see I worked two years and saved up for college, and of course I get a job in vacation, and I earn quite a bit even while I'm here. But some of it has to go back home, or it would be pretty hard sledding for mother and the kids. There's one kid sister," he interrupted himself, "that's a little like you, and she has a lot of little curls all over her head too, only yellow. It was the curls made me look at you—at first. But you—you were pretty spiffy yourself," he accused her. "You looked as expensive as any of them, and I didn't dare try to get acquainted. Honest," he implored her, "you aren't just letting me down easy? You

really are—sort of poor too? Nice, human kind of poor?"

With a heart that was very light Daphne told of the plain, happy, hard-working home and of the "college clothes cache" and of the dish-washing at Mrs. Briggs' apartment.

"And if I asked you to go to that concert tomorrow night," he said, "would you go? And not mind a bit about taxis and flowers?"

She nodded happily. "Yes, I'd go. And no, I shouldn't mind a single scrap if you should happen to ask me."

Anne and Millicent appeared at the doorway; amazement was hardly veiled on their faces. "Daphne Merriweather!" Anne exclaimed, "Daphne Merriweather, you come in and get your coat!"

"Why, it is cold!" Daphne shivered. "In a minute!"

"We mustn't leave those tongues out here," she said aside to Ran; "some one might wonder."

Obediently he turned on his little flashlight and helped her search, but neither was to be found.

"Well," said Daphne, rising at last and patting the one gay bit of painted paper more securely into its place of concealment at her girdle, "it's a mystery. But at any rate those tongues will never wag again."

"I think they deserve to *requiescat in pace*," agreed Ran, clapping a guilty hand to his pocket. "They've delivered their message!"

PILGRIMS OF THE SKY *By Samuel Scoville, Jr.*



WICE a year comes the miracle of the migration of the birds. From July to December untold millions of them travel from the north to the south. From February to June they journey back again. Some, like the Arctic tern, go all the way from the Antarctic to the

Arctic and back. Others, like the golden plover, will cover the twenty-four hundred miles from Nova Scotia to South America without stopping. Some of the birds, like the hawks and the swallows, fly by day. Most of them, like the warblers, the sparrows and the thrushes, fly by night. Others, like the Canada geese, fly day or night.

Nearly all of them change their clothes before they come back. The young golden plovers, for example, have white breasts when they fly over the Atlantic Ocean in the fall, but wear black when they come back in the spring. The bobolink starts in buff and olive and returns wearing a brilliant black and white costume, and the scarlet tanager puts on a plain traveling suit of greenish yellow in the fall, but comes back in the spring brave and gay in black and scarlet.

More than five hundred thousand facts about the migration of birds have been discovered within the past twenty-five years, the results of observation by lighthouse keepers, astronomers, hunters, field naturalists, collectors, travelers and explorers. We have learned many things about migration that were not even suspected a century or so ago. In the eighteenth century such a learned man as Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, and such a careful naturalist as Gilbert White of Selborne believed that swallows flew under the water of ponds in the fall and hibernated there in the mud during the winter. Now we not only know when and where the birds go and when they come back but in many cases are able to plot the exact routes they take. For example, we know that many of the water birds such as the golden plover take the water route straight from Labrador and Nova Scotia clear to the South American mainland. Fifty species from New England take the coast route, which follows the coast to Florida and then crosses the islands to South America. Some birds, like the rare Connecticut warbler, go down by one route and back by another; that is why we sometimes see this warbler in the Eastern states in the fall but never in the spring.

Stay-at-homes and Travelers

Some birds, like downy woodpeckers, bluejays, cardinal grosbeaks, ruffed grouse and Carolina wrens, are stay-at-homes; we call them residents. Other birds such as the tree sparrow, the white-throated sparrow, the junco and the snow bunting come down to our Eastern states from the north and stay with us during the winter. Many birds like the robin, the grackle and the bluebird go only as far south as the Southern states; others like the Maryland yellow-throat go into Central America; but most of the birds find their home somewhere in South America. The scarlet tanager lives in Peru during the winter, the night hawk travels a thousand miles more to Argentina, and the bobolinks go to Brazil.

One bird is still a mystery to all ornithologists. The common chimney swift flies south in flocks in September. Flying by day, feeding as they fly and spending the night in

huge chimneys, the chimney swifts gather at last on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico in enormous flocks. Then on a day they are gone no one knows where. No traveler, no explorer, no field naturalist has been able to find a trace of a chimney swift anywhere in South or Central America or on the islands of the sea.

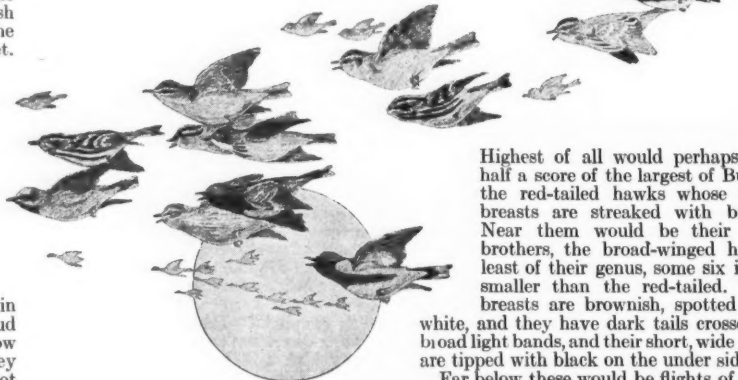
Every bird from the ruby-throated hummingbird to the trumpeter swan bears in its brain a compass that guides it unerringly for thousands of miles across sea and land through fog and storm by night and by day to the little tract where year after year it builds a nest. Moreover, each bird has an engine that surpasses anything that we human beings can construct. On perhaps two ounces of fat a golden plover will travel twenty-four hundred miles in forty-eight hours without stopping.

In the Eastern states the migration starts in July. During that month the orchard oriole, the yellow warbler and the redbird slip away. From then on until about the first of December, when the last purple

bluebird and the robin, would have gone north weeks ago. The strange wild call of the killdeer would be falling from the skies of all the Eastern states, and the kingfisher would be sounding his watchman's rattle along the streams. An army of belated birds from South America that had taken the seven-hundred-miles carry across the Gulf of Mexico would be hurrying northwards with a throng of travelers from the Southern states, the rear guard of the migration that flows northward in the spring and ebbs southwards in the fall.

In the van of this army of delayed migrants would be a flight of hawks traveling by day, for the hawk people fear no foe.

Each bird has an engine that surpasses anything that we human beings can construct



CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Highest of all would perhaps soar half a score of the largest of Buteos, the red-tailed hawks whose white breasts are streaked with brown. Near them would be their little brothers, the broad-winged hawks, least of their genus, some six inches smaller than the red-tailed. Their breasts are brownish, spotted with white, and they have dark tails crossed by broad light bands, and their short, wide wings are tipped with black on the under side.

Far below these would be flights of grayish-brown sharp-shinned hawks with their square-tipped tails and their typical flap-and-glide flight, the scourge of all little birds, one of the three harmful hawks. Above the sharp-shinned company fly the marsh hawks. The males are beautiful bluish-gray birds with long black-tipped wings like those of a sea gull, the females smoky brown, and both wear the marsh hawk's badge, a white half moon at the base of the tail. Soaring, flapping, gliding, the whole company shoot forward at tremendous speed, the final spurt of the day-long flight before diving down through the clouds to spend the night on the dripping earth.

The Duck Hawk

Suddenly in this panorama that we are imagining from far in the rear a swift figure flashes across the sky and in a moment has overtaken all the others. The newcomer has long, narrow, rakish wings. The top, and sides of his head are black, his back and wings bluish gray, and black stripes curving downward like a moustache from his beak give him a cruel, vigilant appearance. He is no other than the duck hawk, the peregrine falcon of the old world, which except for his big brother the gyrfalcon of the Far North is the fastest and fiercest hawk on earth. Probably he has in view some distant cliff for a roosting place leagues beyond where the rest of the flight will stop. Like a projectile he whizzes through the dimming light with flashing strokes of his sharp wings, ticking off a mile every thirty seconds.

At last far ahead a black dot shows against the blue. The telescopic eyes of the duck hawk gleam, and he increases his speed. A moment and he has overtaken one of the birds whose unbroken mileage is measured by thousands instead of hundreds and which follow the water route across the Gulf and up the storm-swept Atlantic. This one is a golden plover well on his lonely way from Argentina to the Arctic. For some reason he has lagged behind the gallant company of his kin, which has gone north weeks before. Without pause, he has covered a thousand miles since he left the lower pampas on the way to Nova Scotia, his first stop.

There are few birds indeed that any of the

plover need fear, and the golden plover is one of the fastest of the family. Unfortunately, the duck hawk is one of the fatal few. So swift and silent is its approach that the plover does not know he is being pursued until the shadow of his own death falls upon him as the duck hawk flashes through the air just behind. With his long sickle wings the plover swoops and swerves here and there through the silent sky, trying to keep ahead and above his pursuer. It seems impossible that any living creature could fly faster, yet the swooping flight of the falcon brings him nearer and nearer. Turn and twist and swerve as the plover will, that effortless glide is ever just behind him. Then it is above him, and before the golden bird can rise again the deadly swoop of the pirate strikes him down, a limp mass of fluttering feathers. With a rush the duck hawk catches his prey before it has fallen fifty feet and disappears with it down through the clouds.

Hard on the heels of the tragedy a black speck shows for an instant in the fading light. Faster than any bird of his size through the high, quiet levels of the upper air a ruby-throated hummingbird, the smallest bird that comes to the Eastern states, is speeding unflinchingly northward. For a time after the tiny wanderer has passed the sky is empty. Suddenly it fills again with a whirling, curving flight of swallows. There are white-bellied, brown-backed tree swallows, barn swallows with long, forked tails and cliff swallows with dark blue heads and cream-white foreheads; and here and there among them show the larger forms of glossy, blue-backed martins, the cigar-shaped bodies and stiff, cutting wings of the swifts and the long sweeps of the night hawks, some of which travel clear from Argentina to the Yukon. The swifts and the night hawks feed on the way, scooping up in their wide mouths myriads of tiny insects. All of them fly at a pace that with their small size and quickness make them safe from any bird of prey.

The color of the sky has darkened to a peacock blue. Gradually the afterglow fades until only an amber band in the west bars the dark. Then that goes, and the stars come out with a brightness never seen on earth. Suddenly the upper air is full of tiny pipings and chirpings and little flight calls. The night fliers have begun their journey through the dark. The *chink, chink* of the bobolinks

drops through the stillness like silver coins. The Bobolink Passage is a route for stout-hearted birds only, since it contains no stopping place in seven hundred miles of gulf between South America and Cuba. From higher up come the *tsip, tsip, tsip* of the blackpoll warblers on their way to the Magdalen Islands. Everywhere sound the twitterings and the faint calls and chirpings of a score or more of the great warbler family. Black-throated warblers, Cape May warblers, redstarts, golden-winged warblers, yellow warblers, black-throated greens, magnolias, myrtles and tiny parulas—myriads of this many-colored family are traveling together in a great army stretching miles and miles through the sky. With them go the vireos and the flycatchers and the sparrows and the orioles and the tanagers, four varieties of thrushes and a score or more of other species following the lure of spring.

The sky is filled with myriads of little groups and scattered bands and long lines of little birds by the million. Some of them are veterans that have taken the journey perhaps half a dozen times, which, alas! is about as many as any little bird can expect. Others, hatched that year, are on their first long flight. Some of the leaders depend partly upon the marvelous eyesight that the bird people have, and that enables them to follow routes by means of great landmarks—mountain ranges, rivers and coast lines, which on clear nights they can see even in the dark. On a stormy night like this one they trust more to the strange homing sense that will always guide a migrant bird that has once taken a journey from fall to summer and from summer back to spring. The vast multitude of little birds, however, have never taken the trip before. Perhaps they depend entirely on sound. No migrating birds travel in silence. The leaders call back to the nearest group, which in turn call to others, and the whole sky is filled with piping and twitterings and chirpings and plaintive sky calls.

The Popular Routes

Across untold airy leagues the vast assemblage of sky pilgrims speed northwards. In the starshine their numbers are invisible. Only the golden disk of the rising moon, dotted with a continuous procession of tiny black figures, shows how the whole upper air is full of pilgrims to the north. Soon after dawn the greater part of the travelers will turn earthwards and, selecting good feeding grounds, alight and feed and rest during the day, thus storing up more energy for the next night's flight. On and on they sweep by different routes and at different speeds. Some fly as slowly as thirty miles an hour, but the ordinary speed of the day and night fliers is more than double that.

A few have taken the island route from South America across the Antilles, Porto Rico, Cuba and across the Bahamas to Florida and then up on the Atlantic Coast. It is an easy route, and those which follow it need never be out of sight of land; but it is long, and the table is not good. A more direct way is the Jamaica route, which stretches from South America to Florida by way of Jamaica and Cuba. Some sixty different species follow that route. The stronger fliers scorn to stop at Jamaica and travel by the Bobolink Route, compassing in a single flight the distance from South America to Cuba. This air line is taken by the bobolinks, the black-billed and yellow-billed cuckoos, the kingbirds, one of the vireos, the chuck-will's-widow of Southern twilights, the gray-cheeked thrush and the blackpoll warblers.

The most traveled, because it is the most direct highway, is the Gulf route, directly across the Gulf of Mexico to northwestern Florida. That means a single flight of from five hundred to seven hundred miles, yet hundreds of thousands of birds take the journey after resting and feeding for a few days on the shores of the Gulf. There gather most of the shore birds, including even the strange, clumsy Carolina rail, whose wings are so small and movements so clumsy that for a long time it was thought that he migrated at night on foot. In spite of his bumbling, uncertain flutterings in our marshes he takes the long trip across the Gulf. On the other hand the eaves swallow, a swift, strong flier, prefers to travel clear round it.

Another eccentric traveler is the marbled godwit, that curious and rare shore bird which breeds in North Dakota. Some of the colony cross the continent east to the Atlantic and follow the coast line to South

America. Others go west to southern Alaska and travel along the Pacific Coast to Guatemala. Thus near neighbors all summer travel south by migration routes nearly three thousand miles apart.

Dangers for Night Fliers

Although darkness guards the pilgrims from the Apollyons and the Giants Grim that beset the way of the day fliers, yet the night travelers have dangers of their own. This night as the vast throng is following the coast line suddenly a giant bar of light from one of the lighthouses of the coast pierces the fog and like a flaming sword sweeps back and forth across the path. Immediately with faint twitterings the throng drops and follows the light. Some in full flight dash their lives out against the towering lighthouse. The majority, however, fly round and round the white beam like moths round a candle. The fascination of the light will not allow them to rest, and morning will have found thousands of the weaker ones at the base of the lighthouse or floating in the cruel waters beyond. Fortunately, however, for this band of travelers at the turn of the tide, when new reefs show, the beam changes to blood red. Instantly the spell is loosed,

and the pilgrims pursue their way out of the Enchanted Ground where they had been held by the white witch fire. The torch of the Bartholdi Statue, the Washington Monument, the William Penn Statue of Philadelphia cause the death of many low-flying little travelers every year.

As the night wears on the flight lessens until at last only straggling bands of younger and weaker birds are passing by. By midnight the storm has blown itself out, and the upper sky is empty as the migrants dive down through space into the lower reaches. Suddenly through the upper air hurtles a mallard drake in all the pride and beauty of his prime; he is on his way to where beyond the farthest forests the sullen green of the pines gleam against a silver sky and a great wasteland stretches clear to the ice of the Arctic. Later in the night a great flight of ducks come through below the clouds. Each family has its own peculiarities of flight and its own flight note. The widgeons fly with whistling wings in long black streamers. The scaup come in black masses, giving a rippling purr as they fly. Here and there scattered couples of little blue-winged teal shoot past the groups of slower ducks. Then down the sky in a whizzing parallelogram come a band of canvasbacks, moving at the rate of one hundred and sixty feet a second; grunting as

they fly, they pass pintails, black ducks and mergansers as if they were anchored.

Just at dawn when the tense, waiting sky is a glory of crimson and gold five gleaming misty white birds of an unearthly beauty fly across the eastern sky in strong, swift, majestic flight—glorious whistling swans on their way to the tundras. The sun is well up when at last a flight of the long-distance travelers of the world appears. With forked tails and snowy wings and black heads these latest comers are the embodiment of grace and ease. Needs must the flight of the Arctic tern be effortless, for it breeds as far north as it can find land, and its nest has been seen only seven and a half degrees from the pole, where walls of newly fallen snow surrounded the downy chicks. From the very edge of the Antarctic continent it flies straight across the world to the last land there is in the north—nearly twelve thousand miles.

As these dwellers in the loneliest places of earth pass under the rising sun the air is full of robin notes and bluebird calls and the shrill, high notes of the hylas. The beech trees are all brown and silver, and the patches of early wheat show a velvet green; the grass is a green blaze, and the woods are full of violets, hepaticas, adder's tongue and blood root with its snow petals and heart of gold. Spring is waiting to welcome her pilgrims.

THE SPLENDID YEAR

Chapter Three
Northrop gets a nickname

By Arthur Stanwood Pier



KAY'S expectations and Northrop's apprehensions proved to be well founded. At the end of the first month, when the ranking list of the fifth form was posted, Sydney's name was in first place, and for the first time in the two years that he had been in the school Jack Northrop stood no better than second. The comments of the boys who crowded round the bulletin board expressed the utmost satisfaction; anyone might have thought from hearing them that the fellow who had been deposed from his place of leadership was highly unpopular. Yet Northrop was not disliked by his classmates; they were merely manifesting a normal human enjoyment in novelty and change and an equally human satisfaction at the spectacle of downfall from a high estate. There was nothing personal in their expressions of jubilation. Nevertheless it was natural that Northrop himself should feel that some of the remarks about his defeat were unduly facetious; he was proud and sensitive, and it stung him deeply when some smiling classmate asked him how it felt to be no longer the prize scholar, and when some of his friends adopted for a time the witticism of addressing him as Number Two.

Moreover, the fact that not merely his defeat but Sydney's triumph occasioned rejoicing irritated Northrop. His antipathy to Sydney, which had dated from the first day when his jealous eyes detected the attraction that the new boy had for Fred Kay, had increased in the rivalry of scholarship, but even more in the understanding that Sydney was acquiring importance in other ways. The secret ambition of Northrop's heart was to be a leader, a fellow of importance, yet he knew that in spite of all his efforts and successes he had never quite attained that position among his schoolmates; now here was this new boy who without doing anything in athletics was mysteriously winning influence of the sort to which Northrop aspired.

Why was it, he asked himself. If he had been a little more generously disposed, he might have divined the answer. It might have come to him on one occasion when he and Sydney and three or four others were sitting in Kay's room. Outdoors it was raining hard; the

fellows had congregated to find amusement for the afternoon; Kay had hospitably produced a box of crackers and a jar of strawberry jam; Jim Hardwick, strumming upon his mandolin, had sung Ivan Petrovsky Skavar in his most melancholy voice; and then, as no one had immediately anything to contribute, Philip Henderson resorted to the still popular amusement of twitting Northrop upon his having to take second place.

"Number Two, you oughtn't to be loafing here on a day like this. You need to study if you want to get back where you belong. Here's a fine rainy day, with Desmond loafing; that's the time you ought to be working."

"You'd better think more about your own studying and less about mine," retorted Northrop.

"Don't get stuffy, Number Two," Henderson said. "Why shouldn't we all be interested in you? Your scholarship has always been our pride and joy. We hate to see it

going on the bum. We hate to have our bright light dimmed—to say nothing of extinguished. We—"

"I think you've all been riding Jack too much about this Number Two business," broke in Sydney. "It's probably the last time I shall ever lead him; and anyway you ought to remember what advantages I have over him to start with. I'm not rooming in a dormitory with a lot of ruffians to distract and bother me. And I'm not doing anything in athletics, the way Jack is. I have nothing much but studying to think about. Cut out the Number Two talk. I'd rather be Number Two and do the things Jack is doing than be Number One and do nothing else."

"Good stuff!" exclaimed Kay. "Syd is right about one thing anyway; let's give Number Two a rest."

And from that time they dropped the offensive nickname and ceased to taunt Northrop about his decline in rank. Glad as he was to be spared further flings on the

"One thing I like about Desmond is he has ideas and thoughts"

DRAWN BY T. VICTOR HALL



subject, it annoyed him to feel that he owed his immunity to Sydney Desmond; there was no one in the school to whom he would have disliked more to be under obligation. Especially was he annoyed when Kay remarked to him on what a decent thing Sydney had done, and how far Sydney's word went now with the fellows. Northrop replied, "Yes, very decent of him," and thought that Sydney and his friends were making a good deal of capital for him out of his decency.

The position of inferiority into which Northrop felt he had been forced gave rise to such rankling thoughts that he was incapable of doing justice to his benefactor. Instead of recognizing that the reason why Sydney was gaining weight and standing in the community was that, as illustrated in the episode just recorded, he was considerate of others and spoke out of his thought for them rather than with any selfish motive, he assumed that Sydney had slyly manoeuvred to put him at a disadvantage and to gain applause for himself.

Northrop's deepest grievance of all, however, was that Sydney had managed to intervene between him and Fred Kay. The thing that had given Northrop the greatest satisfaction in his life at St. Timothy's had been his intimacy with Kay, for whom he cherished an almost sentimental admiration. That Kay, the most popular fellow in the fifth form, should have made him his closest friend had been to Northrop a cause for even greater pride than ranking head of his form for two years. Kay's equanimity, his good humor, his sturdiness of character as well as of body, had appealed to the more volatile youth, who in turn had qualities that attracted Kay. But now instead of dropping into Northrop's room in his odd moments Kay was likely to be off somewhere with Sydney; instead of exchanging lively banter with Northrop he made Sydney his partner in comedy; they elaborated and produced with frequent variations, additions and frightful grimaces their shadow boxing contest, always to the great delight of all the spectators except Northrop, to whom it became a wearisome display.

It was, however, something more than a mere talent for buffoonery that drew the two together. Occasionally Kay let fall a remark about education, the responsibilities that it imposed on a man, that caused Northrop to say, "I see that you and Desmond have been having some high-brow conversation." There was nothing in the ideas expressed to which Northrop could take exception, but he felt nevertheless and would have liked to convince Kay that a fellow who talked much about such matters was something of a prig.

"Of course a fellow who goes to a school like this and then to college develops the way he should," insisted Northrop on one occasion when Kay had quoted a comment of Sydney's on the listlessness with regard to studies that a good many fellows showed. "He can't help getting an education."

"The education that a fellow can't help getting isn't one that will help him to get very far," replied Kay. "That's just the point that Desmond made when we were talking about it. He said we don't any of us go into training here to use our minds and make the most of them the way we go into training to use our bodies and make the best of them—in football and rowing and so on."

"So I suppose he's going to show us how to do it," sneered Northrop. "No, that's what bothers him, to know how to do it. He says that, whereas in football there's some one to watch over you, show you everything you do wrong, tell you how to do it right, see that you eat what you should and sleep when you should and generally get your body into the best possible condition for the work it has to do, there's nobody that can really do that for your mind. It's a thing that each fellow has to do for himself pretty much, and it takes therefore more character and more intelligence to do it successfully. There's a good deal in what he says."

"He can't do anything in athletics, and he does lead the class; of course he feels he has more character and intelligence than any mere athlete."

"That isn't fair at all. He doesn't think any such thing. Just because he has ideas and isn't always just talking gossip or trying to be funny you needn't try to run him down."

"I'm not running him down, but from what you say he would seem to be running down this school and college education and things in general."

"Nonsense. You're just prejudiced. We all think a lot more of having a good time

than of making the most of our opportunities; in fact we think usually that if we have a good time we're making the most of our opportunities. Sydney has sense enough to see that's a pretty shallow way of looking at education."

"Well, as long as he can't do anything in athletics, I suppose he likes to belittle their importance and the importance of all that goes with athletics," said Northrop. "He can look on me as shallow if he wants to; I don't care."

"It isn't you he's thinking of, it's himself, it's everybody, it's schools and colleges in general," explained Kay patiently. "He's a fellow who thinks, and what he says is worth listening to and thinking about."

"He's certainly got you hypnotized," said Northrop.

"Some other people haven't," replied Kay pointedly. "I like it, and I think I'll go where I can get more of it."

He rose from the chair in Northrop's room in which he had been sitting and walked out, leaving his friend disconcerted and amazed. Northrop's first impulse was to run after him, express regret at having offended him and beseech him to come back; but he remembered that Kay had commented disdainfully upon people who apologized and had said that nine times out of ten they would do better just to keep still and try to live their mistakes down. So he looked ruefully out of the window and watched Kay walking in the direction of Mr. Warner's house.

Kay found Sydney sitting at his desk examining a number of pieces of rock that lay strewn out before him.

"What are you up to?" asked Kay.

"Oh, I brought in a load of rocks this afternoon, and I'm trying to classify them; then I want to find out from Mr. Warner how many I've got right. This book"—Sydney pointed to a small red volume that he had taken out of the school library—"helps somewhat, but I don't feel sure about a good many of these fellows."

"What is it you're not sure of?" Kay asked curiously.

"Oh, the most elementary things. This one—I'm not sure whether it's a chunk of granite or sandstone."

"I don't know much about rocks, but it looks to me like quartz," observed Kay.

"Yes, it is mostly quartz, but what is the rest of it? I'll have to ask Mr. Warner. It's sort of interesting, though, doing this detective work on a lot of rocks and trying to identify them when you know next to nothing about them."

"Mr. Warner's got you into this geological crowd, has he?"

"I've been out on two or three of the walks; he's started us all on collecting. Of course the prize that's given at the end of the year is a great incentive."

"Go after it," Kay urged with heartiness. "I'm backing you. I suppose," he added, "it's of some use to know the names of things that you see all the time. Now I know that a bird is a bird and a flower's a flower and a rock's a rock, and that's about all I do know about them. It seems to be enough for most practical purposes, but sometimes, you know, I do feel sort of ignorant."

"Of course it must be a satisfaction to know the names of things," said Sydney. "I suppose you're not educated at all until you do. But I guess that just storing away a lot of names in your memory and fitting them to the right objects won't get you very far. You may know limestone when you see it and sandstone when you see it; but the thing is to know what made one rock limestone and the other sandstone. I suppose in the same way it's a good thing to be able to tell a robin and an oriole when you see them, but the thing is to know what their habits are, where and how they build their nests and so on."

"Do you know all such things?" asked Kay in a tone of great respect. "I wish I did! It seems to me that I don't know some of the first things that I ought to know—about the rocks and trees and birds that I see every day."

"I'm just as ignorant."

"Why shouldn't we be ignorant? We don't have to pass an examination on such matters in order to enter college. I

suppose that when you're in college you can study about such things if you want to—but you don't have to. Well, I'm just a kid, and it's not for me to criticize the accepted ideas on education."

"That's all right; but you're not satisfied—and what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I think the best thing I can do is to get all I can out of Mr. Warner's geological walks and talks this year and follow it up with reading. I ought to have some general idea of geology then—enough perhaps. Then next year I'll tackle the birds in somewhat the same way. Maybe I can do something with botany along with ornithology. It's all outdoor work, and I need the exercise."

"Next year you'll be able to take it in other ways."

"I hope so, but I'm not counting on it. I think it's better to plan on the present basis."

"You almost make me regret I'm so full of health," remarked Kay. "Now, if I had a heart or a lung or something, instead of spending time trying to remember that 13-4-25 means right half through left tackle, I should be filling my bean with a lot of useful intellectual junk about mica and feldspar and laminated rocks and terminal moraines."

"Stop kidding me," said Sydney. "I tell you one thing right now; I'd give all my vast geological learning for a chance to make a good old-fashioned five-yard gain through left tackle."

"We'll save a place for you on the Pythian team next year," said Kay encouragingly.

Sydney shrugged his shoulders, then, clenching his fists, flung his arms out at full

stretch above his head. "Well, perhaps some day I'll be as husky as I feel," he said.

Late that afternoon at the end of the study hour Kay and Northrop walked from the schoolroom to the Upper School together. Kay seemed to have forgotten entirely the friction that had resulted from their last intercourse and talked about football—how Mr. Randolph was better at coaching the linemen than at coaching the backs and what an advantage it was for the Corinthians to have Mr. Baker, who had a much greater knowledge of the fine points of the game.

"Yes," Northrop agreed, "but I think Mr. Randolph can put more drive into a team, and that's what will count."

"I hope so; I hope he can drive me across for a touchdown."

Northrop laughed. "He will." He felt almost jubilant with relief at finding that the apprehensions and misgivings from which he had been suffering for the last hour or two were unfounded. "He'll never make an end, though, of young Collins. That fellow hasn't nerve enough; he'll never get over shirking when it's up to him to break up interference."

Kay made no immediate comment. But as they were going up the steps of the Upper School he said: "One thing I like about Desmond is he has ideas and thoughts; he doesn't talk personalities; he isn't always running some fellow down."

Northrop's face reddened; his eyes burned, but he said nothing; and Kay gazing straight ahead, seemed unaware of the effect of his speech.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WITH SHOT ON 1105

By F. G. Hamilton

SHOT was a mongrel and not very prepossessing. But he must have had hunting-dog blood in him, for he was always in demand during the shooting season. My father was a locomotive engineer, and for several years the dog had been in the habit of riding up and down the road on passenger trains during the autumn months, looking for some one to accompany on a hunting trip. Sometimes he would be gone from home for a week or longer. He was my property, and I was proud of his intelligence and ability to take care of himself. Father, however, held him in slight esteem and several times threatened to get rid of him.

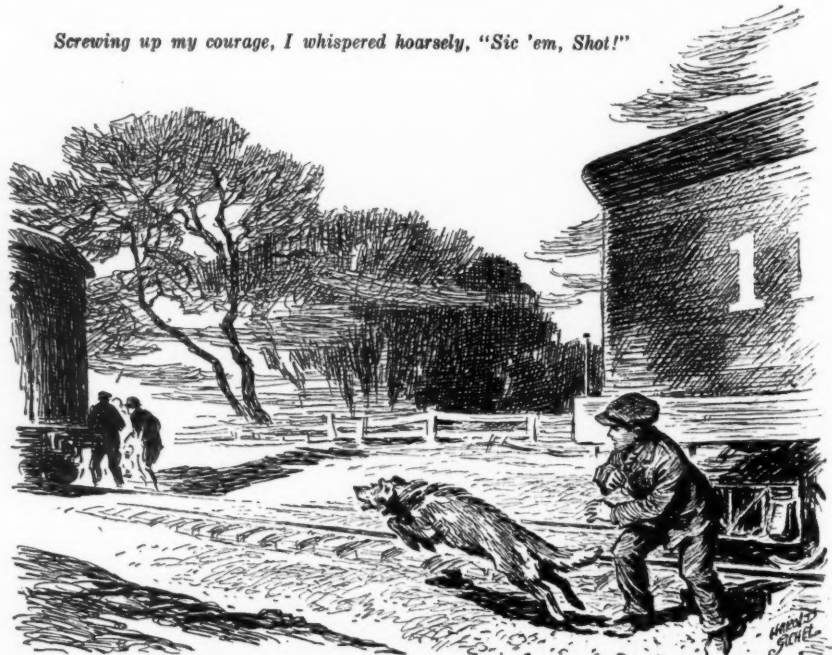
When back in 1896 the Thanksgiving holidays rolled round Shot had been gone for nearly a month, and we had almost given him up for lost. Father had promised me a trip on the engine to Chicago, the eastern end of the Illinois division and also the terminus of the road. We made the run on Tuesday; we would start back Thursday

evening. Imagine my joy at finding old Shot at the Chicago roundhouse! Evidently some one who did not know him and thought he was lost had taken him to the city, and his own nose had led him to the roundhouse in time to meet his young master in a strange land. Although father wanted to give him to some one in Chicago, I coaxed him into letting me take him home on the engine.

At five-forty-five o'clock in the afternoon we left Chicago with a train of eight cars known as Number Eleven; we were scheduled to arrive at Ransom, our home town, one hundred and eighty-five miles away, at ten-twenty-five. That was fast time in those days; and, since there were seven stops, father usually had all he could do to make it. His engine, No. 1105, was almost new and was one of the first of the high wheelers that were beginning to be adopted for passenger service.

I had had a fine time in Chicago, and, sitting there on the fireman's seat with old Shot curled up at my feet in the little space

Screwing up my courage, I whispered hoarsely, "Sic 'em, Shot!"



between the seat and the front window, I suppose I was as happy as any boy alive. The weather was good, and we covered three-fourths of the division without special incident. Then, peering down the right of way, I suddenly saw a light wave rapidly back and forth across the track some distance ahead.

Father saw it too. I heard his *toot, toot* and, looking across the cab, saw him shut off the power and apply the air brakes. His first thought, he said afterwards, was that something was wrong at the bridge across Mill River, which was less than a mile ahead.

"Train robbers!" was the thought that leaped to my fourteen-year-old mind.

Jim Sawyer, the fireman, got up in front of me to see what was going on. As he did so I slipped down from the seat and, unseen by father or Jim, who were watching the track ahead, clambered to the top of the coal in the tender. There I paused on hands and knees, well back from the edge of the pile. Shot had followed me and was close to my side.

The train stopped, and father was reaching for the whistle to notify a flagman to protect the rear when two men in black masks appeared in the gangway from opposite sides, and he and Sawyer found themselves looking into two revolvers.

I flattened myself out on the black coal, where my blue suit was invisible to anyone below. I heard some one at the coupling between the tender and the mail car and heard a voice order father to "pull up a little." When the engine and the tender stopped some fifty feet from the train the two men who had boarded the engine ordered father and Jim to get down and go back with them.

I waited several moments before I raised my head to peer in the direction of the train. There by the dim light of lanterns I could see a small group of men with their hands up. Near them was another man, pointing something that I took to be a revolver in their direction. With one hand over Shot's muzzle I lay there and listened.

The sounds I heard convinced me that the robbers were trying to break into the express car, which no doubt held considerable gold. The express messenger would be killed. It would be terrible! Perhaps father would be killed too, trying to help the messenger, and Jim too and Mr. Fraley, the conductor. I must get help!

My heart was beating like a trip hammer as I slid gingerly down the slope of the coal to the gangway. Shot followed me. It was clear that he knew something was wrong; I could hear the beginning of a deep growl in his throat. I placed my hand over his mouth and ordered him to be silent.

That menacing little growl had given me an idea. A glance showed me that the big reverse bar of the engine was still set west, and that it was far enough over to give me plenty of steam for a quick start with a light engine. The robbers and their captives were on the fireman's side, the left side, of the train. So I climbed cautiously down to the ground on the right and then reached up for Shot. I paused a moment to listen, and then, keeping my hand on the nape of Shot's neck and cautioning him in whispers, stole toward the rear of the tender.

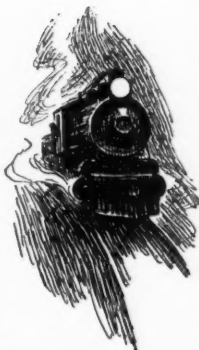
As I peered round the end of the tender I could hear the rumblings in his throat again. Screwing up my courage, I whispered hoarsely, "Sick 'em, Shot!" and pushed him out toward the group by the mail car.

He was across the intervening space in a flash, barking with a ferociousness that I had not thought him capable of.

I did not wait to see him reach the men, but leaped back and scrambled up to the cab. I pulled hard at the throttle. At the sound of the first exhaust I pulled at it again and then sprang back to the shelter of the tender, where I crouched, breathless, among the coal.

Hardly had I done so when several shots rang out, and a bullet went through the fireman's window. I was sure that, if the dog did not prevent them, one or more of the bandits would try to reach the engine before it could get under way, and I wondered with a shiver what they would do to me if they managed to climb aboard. Then I heard several more shots. But No. 1105 was already leaping ahead. I knew that each turn of the giant wheels was carrying us more than eighteen feet.

When the shooting ceased I climbed up to



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHEL

father's seat and tried to ease the reverse lever back toward the centre. I had never been able to handle the big bar without father's help, however, and after a few desperate trials I gave it up and set the throttle in a little. I knew from the exhaust that the big machine was getting too much steam, and that we were already tearing across the country at a terrific pace.

The Mill River bridge loomed in the glare of the headlights a quarter of a mile away. As we reached the abutment it seemed to me as if my steed had paused and then sprang across with a single leap. The town of Wilson Creek was only a few miles west of the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle and wondered whether I should be able to use the air brakes all right.

I had used them in the yards when father was on the seat by my side, but this was different.

When the big beam of light revealed the little, shedlike depot and a freight train on the siding I shut off the power and began nervously to finger the little brass handle that controlled the air. We were getting nearer, nearer. I slipped it over one notch, then another. As if clutched by invisible hands, 1105 began to hold back, and I had to brace myself against the reverse bar to keep my seat.

As at greatly reduced speed we came abreast of the station I set the little lever to the last notch, and we stopped with a jerk. The freight crew and some waiting passengers stared when they saw a slight boy, hatless and covered with grime, climb down from the cab.

"Train robbers!" I gasped. "Holdin' up 'leven! 'Bout five miles! Hurry up or they'll get all the gold and kill my father! Hurry! Hurry!" I yelled as they crowded about me.

Three minutes later I was on the fireman's seat of No. 1105, repeating my story to the town marshal while Peter Buckley, engineer of the freight train, "horsed her over" and opened the throttle. In the gangway and on the coal were a dozen men with revolvers, and one had a rifle. When we crossed the bridge it seemed to me that Buckley was not going so fast as he should, for we did not leap across the river.

"Fast enough for me," said the marshal when I mentioned it. "More than a mile a minute, I'll bet! Do you want him to pile us up in the ditch?"

As father told me afterward, when the robbers heard the engine depart they realized that some one was going for help, and they redoubled their assaults on the door of the express car. It was beginning to yield when they heard the exhaust of the returning engine and with a few departing shots fled.

There were seven in the gang. Five were captured within a few days and received long terms in the penitentiary. The night operator at Wilson Creek had spread the news of the holdup probably before the bandits had left the scene of their crime.

The safe in the express car held currency to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, and a week later I received a personal letter from the president of the railway and the day following a handsomely engraved gold watch from the Chicago office of the express company. But what pleased me most was seeing father thump Shot on the ribs and call him "old-timer" when he stuck his mongrel nose in at our back door the day after the holdup.

"You'd never have got away with that engine except for Shot," father said to me. "He went at those bandits like a little tornado, and for maybe a minute they had their hands full, I can tell you!"



HOW TO GET AN I. O. U.

ACARELESS creditor—if he have good advice—need not despair even if he has neglected to have the debt acknowledged in proper form. A man, says the Minneapolis Tribune, complained to a lawyer that he couldn't get back a loan of five hundred dollars from a debtor. The lawyer advised him to sue; but the unlucky creditor had to admit he had no note or other written acknowledgment of the debt.

"Write to him," said the lawyer, "and tell him you must have six hundred dollars back at once."

"But it was only five hundred dollars," objected the other man.

"Exactly. He will write back to tell you so, and then you will have your acknowledgment."



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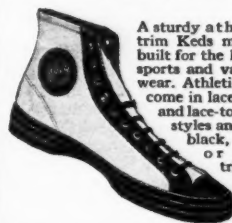
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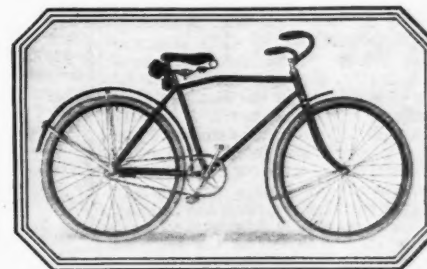
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FACT AND COMMENT

PRAISE MAKES a wise man modest, but a fool, arrogant.

Forget your Cares and let the World go by,
The Rainbow Trout are rising to the Fly.

"I CAN'T WORK IN HARNESS" is usually the excuse of a person who has never learned that a harness is an invention to make a load pull easier.

IT IS SAID IN GERMANY that nothing but a personal letter from the former emperor at Doorn induced old Marshal von Hindenburg to overcome his unwillingness to run for president of the republic. The marshal is seventy-seven years old and even less fitted for political office than most military men. His candidacy was manifestly that of a man pledged to destroy at the first opportunity the government he desired to control.

IF A "MASTER CROOK" and "super-bandit" can only succeed in keeping out of prison five years out of eighteen and comes to the gallows at last, the way of the transgressor cannot be anything but very hard indeed for those of less intelligence and daring. The best reason for believing that crime is really an evidence of insanity is the clear evidence that a life of crime is never a "success." No one but a fool or a crazy man would ever adopt it.

A UNITED STATES COURT has decided that you cannot sing a copyrighted song over the radio without paying a royalty to the publishers of the music. That is on the ground that broadcasting is in reality giving a "public performance," from which the broadcasters expect to get financial profit, at least indirectly. This decision will either add largely to the incomes of the men who write popular music, or else it will make their music considerably less popular. We shall have to wait to see which way the cat jumps.

THE STRANGE COMMUNITY known as "Jackson Whites" came into newspaper notice recently through the accidental burning of the cabin in the Ramapo Hills near Suffern, New York, in which for fifty years Francis Wheaton, a missionary, had lived and painted. The people are the descendants of Hessians who deserted from the British army in the Revolution, runaway negro slaves, early white settlers and Indians. Mr. Wheaton not only has worked as a missionary among them but has recorded their occupations, customs and habits in a series of seven hundred paintings, all of which were burned.

GENEALOGY is certainly a fascinating subject. The other day no less an authority than Dr. David S. Jordan, formerly chancellor of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, announced that almost all the Presidents of the United States were direct descendants of—whom do you suppose? Mark Antony, soldier and statesman, friend of Caesar and of Cleopatra. As to Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, Dr. Jordan is, if the newspapers quote him correctly, quite positive. The learned doctor traces the lines of most of our Presidents back to the Warren family in England six or seven hundred years ago, and adds that the Warrens have been definitely proved to stem from the man who disputed the rule of the world with Caesar Augustus. Antony, if Shakespeare did not misrepresent him, was a pretty clever

politician. Perhaps it was from him that our Presidents got the political gifts that raised them to their high office.

THE FRENCH FINANCES

SOMETHING very much like a crisis is at hand in the finances of France. M. Herriot is out of office because he recognized that fact clearly and proposed a means of meeting it that the French Senate did not like. But putting him out of office does not help the nation to pay the twenty billions of francs in government loans that come due this year; and, since the Chamber of Deputies is still friendly to M. Herriot, the ministry that succeeds him cannot be made up wholly of his opponents. It must be a makeshift and a compromise ministry, and such a ministry never lives long—especially in a time of crisis.

The trouble is that the finances of the French government are in serious disorder, although the economic position of the French people themselves is sound and even prosperous. One ministry after another has flinched from taxing the people heavily enough to carry the tremendous burden left by the war, and that imposed by the necessity of restoring the devastated regions. The Treaty of Versailles provided that these last expenses should be met by the reparation payments that Germany was to make, and the French politicians have proceeded on the assumption that those payments would be made. They have not been made. France has gone deeper and deeper into debt, borrowing today to repay what was borrowed yesterday, rolling up a constantly increasing debt, which, it now appears, Germany is not going to settle for within any reasonable and necessary time.

M. Herriot's proposal to meet the situation was a general loan to amount to about one tenth of all the capital in France. The people with money were to be invited to subscribe that proportion of their wealth. If they did not do so, the government would undertake to extract a forced loan, using the income-tax returns as a means of discovering where the money really was. The new loan was to pay three per cent interest instead of six and seven per cent, like the old loans.

Naturally the idea of a forced loan was not much more popular with the property owners than an outright levy on capital would have been, and they were strong enough to defeat it in the Senate. What next?

That is the problem which disturbs France today. The French people have at last learned that there is no practicable way of collecting from Germany the great amounts that they have spent on the war and the restoration of their devastated regions. They know they must stop the endless borrowing and begin to make some definite arrangements about paying. How it is to be done is what puzzles men of all parties. The task is to be essayed by a new finance minister—M. Caillaux, the financial genius who was convicted of something very much like treason during the war, but who has lately been granted an amnesty, and has reentered politics. We shall see whether he can suggest a plan that will pass the scrutiny of the parliament. If he cannot, the new ministry will have to step aside in its turn, for the issue is not one that can be dodged any longer. Germany has virtually repudiated its bonds. It would be a pity if necessity drove France to that step.

"THE SHALLOW MURMUR"

"THE shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb," wrote Sir Walter Raleigh more than three hundred years ago. The boy who is versed in modern slang will probably say that he would rather be a shallow murmurer if to be deep is to be dumb; but when he has freed himself of that witticism we may ask him to give his attention to the thought that the poet expressed. Let him note those persons of his acquaintance who are most given to querulous complaining, to murmuring and objecting and finding fault. Are they among the number of those to whom he looks up with respect and in whom he has confidence? They often have the gift of speech and make tart or cutting comments; the boy may admire their cleverness and sometimes may try to emulate it. But he will probably admit that among his acquaintances those who do not complain or murmur or lament

their grievances are those who seem to him to have solid character—those to whom he would himself turn with the greatest confidence in time of perplexity or trouble.

Why should there be this difference in behavior between the shallow and the deep? It is probably because persons of depth instinctively understand what the shallow person can never quite come to realize—that life is above all else a test of endurance, and that the less grunting, complaining and murmuring one does while it passes the more smoothly and happily it will be likely to run.

Does the explanation imply a pessimistic philosophy of life? Surely not to anyone who welcomes arduous effort, struggle and toil as affording the truest satisfactions that the human mind and body can experience. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb under the disappointments and defeats; in silence, rather than with complaining murmurings and outcries, achievements and victories are prepared.

A DIPLOMA

IN 1862 a boy left his class in a Massachusetts high school and enlisted in the army. He served throughout the war and in 1865 was honorably discharged. On Memorial Day three years ago he was one of the speakers at the exercises of that same high school, and in the course of his address remarked that he had returned to the school and completed the course after he left the army, but had never received his diploma.

The school committee took the matter up, and in order to atone for the oversight of its predecessors enrolled the then seventy-six-year-old man as a member of the graduating class of that year and awarded him a diploma. It lay, with the flag he had served, on the coffin in which they bore his body from the Soldiers' Home for burial, for he died before it reached him.

Not a deeply significant incident, perhaps, but suggestive and touching. That diploma, so insignificant beside the record of his services in the field, was nevertheless something that he greatly coveted, something the lack of which meant sacrifice, a part of the price that he and the men of his time paid for the preservation of the Union. It may never have occurred to him that he had completed his course in another and greater school, where the lessons are hard and the teachers inexorable, but the rewards glorious. The real diplomas of the men who, like him, gave up school or relinquished the dream of college or sacrificed the promise of early advancement in business are written not on parchment but on red and white bunting, with a bit of blue and some stars in the corner.

We can offer them no other that would be half so worthy; but on the day dedicated to the memory of their deeds we can at least bring them the commencement flowers that shall say to the reunited nation that they left, "These have completed their course, and are graduated, *summa cum laude*."

EXPLORING THE ARCTIC BY AIR

ON some fine afternoon toward the last of June there will sail out of Wiscasset harbor, on the coast of Maine, an expedition that will mark a new era in Arctic exploration. On the after-deck of the stout steamship that carries the party of explorers there will be housed two big army aeroplanes of the "amphibian" type, which can be fitted with wheels or skids or pontoons for landing. The steamship will go north through Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, pushing up through the ice as far as conditions will permit—to Etah if possible, where the Smith Sound Eskimos live, who are the most northerly people in the world.

On the opposite side of the sound in Ellesmere Land, or perhaps still farther west in Axel Heiberg Land, the explorers will establish a flying base, for they mean to pursue the great object of their undertaking with the two big planes that the steamship has carried up to within ten or eleven degrees of the pole. How the Eskimos will stare and shout as the great planes roar up into the air! Until Peary made friends with them twenty years ago or more, those men and women were still living in the stone age,—or rather in the bone age,—though they have within a generation become acquainted with iron knives and spearheads, the expansive

power of steam, the electric light and even the radio; for both the latter wonders were carried up to the world's end by Mr. Donald B. MacMillan on his last cruise on the schooner Bowdoin. And now they will see the white man flying like the birds.

MacMillan, the most distinguished of living American Arctic explorers, now bearing a commission as lieutenant commander in the naval reserve, will lead this new expedition that is to study the polar regions from the air. The government has assigned three volunteer navy aviators and two mechanics to accompany him. It is the plan to send one of the planes out to the westward over that unvisited expanse of frozen sea which lies between the coasts of Alaska and Siberia and the pole. That expanse is almost one thousand miles long by five hundred wide. It is possible, even probable, that there is a land mass near its centre. Peary in 1909 thought he saw mountain peaks far to westward of Cape Columbia, and called his supposed discovery Crocker Land. It may have been only an ice mirage he saw; this expedition, if it is successful, will determine just what lies hidden in that white wilderness.

The planes have a cruising radius of fifteen hundred miles. In the endless light of the polar day they can do all they need to do within forty-eight hours. If the first plane does not return within seventy-two hours at the farthest, the second plane will go out to the rescue. Landing ought not to be too difficult, for the ice and snow present many smooth surfaces of very great extent.

The expedition, since it can do in aeroplanes in a few days what explorers on sledges would need months of exhausting labor to accomplish, expects to return this fall. All Americans who admire courage and enterprise will hope and pray that MacMillan and his men may come safely back, having achieved their ambition to discover what there is in this last unvisited corner of the world.

As a side issue,—but it is a matter of great archaeological interest too,—the expedition will try to visit the ancient Norse ruins in northern Greenland and perhaps also in Labrador. Our knowledge of these ruins depends principally upon Indian or Eskimo tradition. They are—if they really exist—almost a thousand years old and among the most interesting historical relics in the New World.

THE MODERN ALCHEMIST

CERTAIN occult powers that the disciples of Doctor Faustus used to believe lay wholly outside the operations of natural law, only to be controlled through the exercise of magic, are nowadays the commonplaces of science. If savants are not yet fully agreed what the electric fluid and the ether are, they have learned how to master and to use them. Even the philosophers' stone, which eluded the quest of the alchemists of the Middle Ages, is now part of the modern chemist's equipment, for he might well give the name to those radioactive substances whose discovery the world owes to the experiments of Röntgen and Becquerel and Madame Curie less than thirty years ago. The alchemist of our time can imprison minute particles of radium and see the mysterious work of transmutation going on under his very eyes. He can get in this way a clue to the processes by which a prodigious, whirling cloud of flaming gases, like the star Betelgeuse, becomes in myriads of years an orb whose cooling crust is composed of various familiar elements, from iron to water.

Nature is constantly at work transmuting the radioactive substances from the rarer metals into the element that we know as lead. If the formula for the reverse process of changing the baser metals to the precious ones has not yet been hit upon, no one will dare to say that it cannot be discovered. There are men of science who fear that the commercial application of such a discovery would produce floods of gold so vast that governments would have to demonetize the metal and adopt a new standard of value like a bushel of wheat or a pair of overalls. Fortunately, perhaps, the process of transmutation is likely to be as valueless as the chemical production of diamonds. They are not synthetic diamonds. They are genuine, but so minute as to be commercially worthless. So the laboratory process of obtaining gold from lead or iron may have results so microscopic or so costly that it will not

pay to apply it commercially. However this may be, the man of science today is not so much interested in transmuting lead and iron into gold and silver as he is in turning gold into atomic energy. If it be true that one gram of gold,—and a gram is about one twenty-eighth part of an ounce,—converted by decomposition into electric energy, would supply power that we get now by burning more than six hundred pounds of coal, it is easy to see how the imaginations of modern chemists are fired when they think of liberating the forces pent in the world's store of bullion. One of them indeed goes so far as to predict that the discovery of the process would usher in the millennium. "When that time comes," he says, "the world will be a haven of rest for all its inhabitants. There will be no poverty, no suffering, no labor; atomic energy will do the work of all mankind. Humanity will be emancipated by the scientist."

That is a pleasant dream, surely, but we fear that it is as insubstantial as the dream of the empirics of the Middle Ages who sought the philosophers' stone. The old alchemist did not, the new cannot, relieve man of the obligation to work, and to work, moreover, much harder than he cares to. When the great formula is discovered, when atomic energy has created a new earth, man will still be found laboring—laboring to harness the mighty powers that he has loosed, suffering because of his misuse of them, becoming rich or poor in the measure of the understanding with which he applies them.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

NEXT WEEK

DAKIN AND THE SEALS, by
Mabel L. Robinson.
THE SPLENDID YEAR, by Ar-
thur Stanwood Pier.
Chapter Four.
A BATTLE WITH A GAS TORCH,
by F. A. Boggess.
HEARTH FIRES TO CONTENT,
by Gertrude West.
II. The Glow.
OLD CLUBFOOT, by Neal D.
McCall.



THIS BUSY WORLD

THEY are still discussing the Oxford-Cambridge boat race in England. The Oxford crew appeared for the occasion in a new kind of shell designed on what is called the "stream-line" principle. It was expected to offer less resistance to the water and to be, though less seaworthy perhaps, considerably faster. The race happened to be rowed in heavy water, and before the Oxford boat had gone halfway to the finish it was so nearly foundered with water that had come in over the gunwales that the crew stopped rowing and were taken off in a launch. The question is whether the shape of the boat was responsible for the mishap, or whether it occurred because the Oxford crew had the ill luck to draw the outside course where the water was rougher. There are continual arguments on that point in the English papers and wherever English lovers of sport congregate. The general opinion seems to be that the new boat did not get a fair chance.

THE steamship Ethyl, which sailed recently from Wilmington, Delaware, is somewhere out in the ocean now, extracting bromine and perhaps other chemicals from sea water. It is a fact that bromine exists in considerable amounts in salt water, and it is the theory of the owners of the Ethyl that it can be recovered more cheaply by taking a floating laboratory out into the midst of the water than by piping immense quantities of sea water into a bromine plant on shore, and much more cheaply than it is at

present got from the waters of mineral springs. If the experiment is a success, we may find the sea as well as the land obliged to pay tribute to our highly organized industrial system and dotted with fleets of sea-going chemical plants.

A FRENCH organization, calling itself the League for the Rights of Man and numbering, we are told, one hundred and ten thousand members, has proposed that the further occupation of Haiti by the American forces be submitted to the League of Nations for its decision. There is no immediate prospect that anything of the kind will occur. In the first place Haiti is itself a member of the League, and until Haiti asks it the League would have no excuse for interfering. In the second place the United States is not a member of the League and could not be obliged to abide by a decision of the League, even if it made one. The United States is in Haiti not as an aggressor but in accordance with a treaty signed in 1915 by which this country assumed responsibility for the financial solvency and orderly government of the island. The occupation has been of service to Haiti, but it is, of course, understood by all parties concerned to be only temporary.

CHICAGO has voted down a plan for the municipal ownership and operation of all the traction lines in the city. The proposal was to spend \$400,000,000 in purchasing the surface and elevated lines and in building a subway. The mayor of the city and several of the leading newspapers were in favor of the plan; but it was sturdily opposed both by those who did not like municipal ownership and those who thought the city was getting the worst of the proposed bargain.

IT is said that a new aeroplane motor has been designed for the Army and Navy, and that under test it has fulfilled the expectations of its builders, the Packard Motor Company. It is made in two sizes, one of which develops eight hundred horse power, the other five hundred. The engineers who designed it have succeeded in making an engine that delivers nearly one horse power for every pound that it weighs, that works as well upside down as upright, and that can cruise about three thousand miles. It is declared to be by far the most efficient motor yet constructed.

THE directors of the British Museum have risen up in wrath against the cross-word puzzle. As has often happened in this country, the reading rooms of the Museum library came to be crowded with cross-word addicts, who monopolized the entire supply of dictionaries to the exclusion of the serious-minded students whom the library is intended to serve. So the directors passed a rule that no one could consult a dictionary except under promise not to use it in untangling cross-word puzzles; and the hush of dignified and serious scholarship has descended once more upon the Museum.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS always find it rather difficult to keep their native diggers up to the mark. But the men who are excavating the Punic ruins at Utica, near Carthage, have found out that all they need to do is to take moving pictures of the work. The laborers, who know that the reels are to be shown at the moving-picture theatre in Tunis, where they can enjoy the felicity of seeing themselves on the screen, display the most extraordinary industry. Count de Prorak, the head of the expedition, says that, if the Carthaginians had had the moving-picture camera instead of the whip with which to spur their slaves to labor, they could have erected temples and palaces that would have reached the clouds.

THE first commercial aeroplane service in the United States has been established by Mr. Henry Ford. He is to send planes from his plants in and near Detroit to Chicago, Minneapolis and Iron Mountain, Michigan. For the present it will be a private affair, used to transport Mr. Ford's own materials between his factories and his assembling plants. But the business may develop into an agency for transporting express parcels that require immediate delivery between some of the principal cities of the country. If Mr. Ford does not undertake that service, some one else will, and that very soon.

Holeproof Hosiery



Can you guess this riddle?

Why are the girl and boy both wearing the same brand of stockings?

Because their mothers know that Holeproof is the neatest looking stocking they can get.

And Holeproof stays neat looking even under the hardest everyday wear.

Certainly — no mother likes to mend — so ask her for Holeproof stockings.

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To Heal Sore Hands**

Asthma and Hay-Fever
You ought to know of the successful results of the Hayes Method. Many cases cured permanently.
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P. HAROLD HAYES, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. — Bulletin Y-253



THE GNOMIES

By Miriam Clark Potter

THE gnomies live under
some old tree roots
Down in the bog,
where the owlet hoots.

They are twisted and funny,
with pussy-cat hair,
And it's I, only I, who have
looked at them there.

For when I was gathering
catnip for tea
The gnomies came out, and
they stared at me;

And I stared at them; and so
we all stood
Mouth open, eyes open, there
in the wood.



THE LITTLE BROWN BALLS

By Roger Wingfield

BEFORE Miss Lydia Horne
went away from Kempton
to live in the country she
slipped a note under Sally
Miller's door. The little girl found
it when she started for school.

Sally had known funny little
Miss Lydia ever since the Miller
family moved to Kempton from the
big city many miles away. She had
wondered sometimes why the old
lady was always pining for the
country.

"When I was your age I had
never seen a street," Miss Lydia
said one day.

"Well," Sally answered, "I like
flowers and such things very much
indeed, but I don't know a thing
about them."

"It's time you did," Miss Lydia
replied. "They're well worth
knowing about."

She tried to persuade Sally to
plant some flowers in the small
back yard of her new home, but
the little girl always said that she
hadn't time just then.

She smiled now as she puzzled over
the quaint, crooked handwriting.

"Dear Sally," the note said, "I am
leaving you a farewell present in the
tool house, a few—"

Sally could not make out the next
two words. She wrinkled her brown
eyes over them; the second looked as
though it might be either "bells" or
"balls," but that seemed impossible.

"O dear," Sally thought, "it's a
long way down to Miss Lydia's, but
I'd better go before the caretaker locks
the tool house."

She went on reading. "Put them
deep into the ground," the note ran;
"cover them with earth and leave
them there."

AGREED



VERSES BY PRINGLE BARRETT

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD BURCH

POOOR Miss Sophia
Jones
Has a hard time.
She writes poetry, but
Can't make it rhyme.



Once I went to visit her
All on my own.
She was in the sitting
room,
Sitting all alone.
She was in the sitting
room,
Writing free verse.
(Mother says that daddy's
is
Not a bit worse.)

I think anyone
Has a hard time
Who tries to write poetry
and
Can't make it rhyme.

Sally sighed. "Well, people don't
put balls into the ground, nor bells
either. The only thing to do is to race
down to Summer Street before school
time."

She laughed as she hurried along.
Perhaps the gift would turn out to be
a pleasant surprise. Just like Miss
Lydia to play a little joke about a
farewell present!

But there was nothing in the tool
house except a shabby little pail with
her name attached to the handle. The
contents of the pail were strange, to
say the least.

"Balls sure enough," she said.
"Just little old rough brown balls.
What could Miss Lydia have meant
by such a present?"

She looked closer. "They look like

those onions down in the grocery. I
believe that's just what they are,
nothing but onions." She was almost
ready to cry. "And here it is nearly
nine o'clock. But how can I go to
school with my pockets full of on-
ions?"

She decided to leave the present
under the porch and come back for it
that afternoon. "Miss Lydia meant
well," was her thought, "and I'm
going to do what she said."

After school Sally carried home the
despised brown balls and buried them
behind some shrubs in the border that
her mother said she might use. She
did not tell anyone about the queer
little gift.

"Most likely the onions won't come
up anyway," she thought. "I al-

IF ALL THE RINGS IN ALL THE WORLD

By Nancy Byrd Turner

IF all the rings in all the
world
Were hung on all the
trees,
I'm thinking all my days
would seem
As busy as a bee's.

How strange to see a diamond
flash
Upon a willow or an ash,

To stretch as high as arm
could reach
And pick an emerald from a
beech!

I'd climb and climb and search
and search
To find an opal on a birch,

A little pearl upon a pine
Or garnets on an elm a-shine.

I'd climb so much, before I
knew
I'd almost climb myself in
two.

So, after all and on the whole,
I'd rather, if you please,
That all the rings in all the
world
Weren't hung on all the trees!



most hope they won't, the smelly
things!"

As the autumn and winter went
by she entirely forgot Miss Lydia's
funny present.

In March she had the measles
and had to stay in the house for
weeks, much of the time in a dark-
ened room.

"How do things look out of
doors?" she asked one day.

"The back yard is turning green in
places," her mother replied.

"It's rather a bare-looking back
yard," Sally said wistfully. "I wish—
I almost wish—"

She did not say what she wished,
but after a while, as if suddenly re-
membering something, she asked,
"Mother, do onions have blossoms?"
"Onions? Why, I don't believe I
know."

Sally said no more, but her face
still looked wistful. After being shut
up for so long she was beginning to
crave light and color.

At last her eyes were strong enough
for her to go out into the sunshine.
She walked across the little back yard
and peeped behind the shrubs that
stood by the border.

IF I WERE NOT

By Elsie Parrish

If I were not a little child,
Then I should choose to be
A little robin redbreast
On the apple tree.

And when I wished to I could fly
Away off from my nest,
And when I'd traveled all the sky
Just come back and rest!

And mother dear would hear me sing;
For she would often be
Sitting by the window sill
That's near the apple tree.

♦ ♦

Then her voice rang out in a happy
cry, "Oh, the beautiful, beautiful
colors!"

She bent closer over the border and
clapped her hands. "Mother," she
called, "my onions are up! You said
maybe onions didn't bear blossoms;
mine do. Just come and see."

It seemed very wonderful to Sally.
There in the spot where months ago,
she had hastily buried the little brown
balls, bright flowers were growing,
bell-shaped blossoms, blue, purple, pink
and cream-colored, on slender green
stems.

"I never saw anything so lovely,"
Sally cried. "Just look at the beautiful
onion blooms!"

Her mother came out to look. "Those
are hyacinths, Sally," she said. "How
did the bulbs get there, I wonder?"

Then Sally told the story of Miss
Lydia's parting gift. "I thought they
were onions," she finished. "I called
them little brown balls."

"Well, that's what they were, to
be sure," her mother answered. "But
you thought enough of Miss Lydia to
do what she said, didn't you?"

Sally nodded. "I'm glad I did. O
mother, this time next year our whole
border is going to be full of colored
bells that were once little brown
balls!"

♦ ♦

TWINS

By Charlotte E. Wilder

Miss Sassy Silver is a girl
Who's bad as bad can be;
She sticks her dolly full of
pins
And spills her cambric tea.

She comes and visits at our house
Whenever I'm away
And scowls and answers mother
back
In such a shameful way.

I think that we're a sort of twins,
That sassy girl and I,
Though I like most to laugh and
play,
And she just wants to cry.

And when she goes and I come
back
My mother says to me:
"Oh, Sally Silver, welcome home,
We've missed you dreadfully!"



NUTS TO CRACK

1. CHARADE

My first is very, very warm;
My third's a young and tiny child;
My second is a number, and
My whole's a savage black and wild.
First, second, third you've sometime been.
My whole you've never even seen.

2. ENIGMA

I'm the bulkiest part of a plant or a tree;
I am property owned in a company;
I am part of a gun (not the part that does
harm);
I'm a kind of collar; I'm raised on a farm;
I'm a flower that's known in many a land;
I am merchandise that is kept on hand.
Now make me plural, and I present
A curious kind of punishment—
An ancient, comfortless, ugly place
Where people stayed with a very poor grace.

3. BEHEADINGS

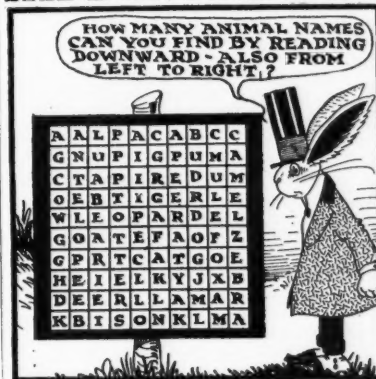
- (1) To wink—part of a chain—something
to write with.
- (2) To filter—to educate—to shower down.
- (3) Fascination—injury—part of the body.
- (4) Gleam—a stroke with a whip—a tree.
- (5) A narrow piece of leather—a snare—a
knock.
- (6) A rock—accent—a single unit.
- (7) To plait—an invasion—help.
- (8) A bird—to rave—an insect.
- (9) To frown—a monk's hood—a bird.
- (10) A ruffle—a small brook—sick.
- (11) A girl's name—a contest—one.
- (12) To mix—allow the use of—to finish.

4. AN AUTOMOBILE GAME

This contest will prove engrossing to any
group of young people and is especially good
to use for quieting-down purposes, after games
of a more boisterous nature. Provide each player
with a card upon which has been written the
list of definitions describing various makes of
automobiles as follows:

1. Energy.
 2. A nickname for mother, and an abbreviation
for coin.
 3. Opposite of youthful, the letter S, and a
Southern city.
 4. The commonwealth.
 5. A boy's position in Congress.
 6. What our sun really is.
 7. Cooked slowly, the letter E, and a man
who makes breadstuffs.
 8. To go through something, and an old
weapon.
 9. Not sweet.
 10. In a flying machine.
 11. Scene of a conflict.
 12. To avoid detection.
 13. To be in debt, and the letter N.
 14. To cross a river.
 15. Name of a boy, and the opposite of sick.
 16. A ruler in England.
 17. What a merchant tries to do, and the
home of a bear.
 18. A political position in England.
 19. What every golfer needs, and to be
without.
 20. One who hunts a trail.
 21. To conquer, and two thousand pounds.
 22. A winter necessity.
 23. A North American race.
 24. An ancient navigator.
 25. The name of a great American.
 26. Without a flaw.
- The problem is to guess the name of the car
that each definition represents.

HIDDEN ANIMALS



We don't owe you any solutions. The last
Nuts to Crack problem was answered in
the issue of April 23.

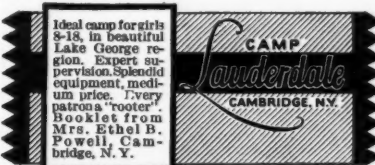


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May



THE WHITE-TAILED DEER

In ferny glades where mossy
ledges rise
The woodland screens with all
the leaves of May
The White-tailed Doe, who sees
with tender eyes
Her new-born dappled fawns
in graceful play.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

ALL HONOR TO THESE MOTHERS!

IT is sometimes said that all great men have great mothers. That is surely true of the French missionary François Collard. Nothing in the son's brave and noble life eclipses the heroism and devotion of his mother.

When little François was two years old she was left a widow and destitute. Her husband had foolishly backed bills for friends and creditors, and at his death the burden of indebtedness fell on her. The farmstead and the stock had to be sold. She took a post as housekeeper, and the little boy did his part by helping to herd turkeys.

When she had saved a little money she returned to her native village of Asnières. There was an excellent Protestant school there, where she wanted her boy to be educated; she had already dedicated him to the ministry. She farmed a few acres of land with her own hands and with such help as she could occasionally afford. The boy reared rabbits to pay for his Latin books and his school stationery. Yet, poor though they were, the little cottage was a centre of hospitality.

Amid her poverty she kept bright the flame of her ideal for the boy. She introduced him to books. Together they read the life of Robert Moffat, and it became one of the master influences in the boy's life.

"O mother, how splendid it must be to be a missionary!" he exclaimed one day.

"Yes, my child," she replied; "it is finer even than to be a minister."

That he might be a minister was her great dream. But she was not thinking of herself. When the Paris Missionary Society appealed to him and he hesitated on her account she wrote: "I understand now that God is calling you. Go, I will not keep you back. I had hoped you would be the staff of my old age, but it was not for myself I reared you. The good God will not forsake me."

In Dundee not long ago a memorial was unveiled to brave Mary Slessor, the "White Queen of Okoyong." Courageous as she was, her life was no more heroic than her mother's.

Married to a drunken husband, Mrs. Slessor had to earn the living as well as care for the children. Drink was all the father lived for. Sometimes when his wife had gone without supper that he might have food he would throw it into the fire in his drunken rage.

In circumstances heavy enough to break a woman's heart Mrs. Slessor cherished her ideals. It was she that first told little Mary stories of far Calabar and of the cruelties of the natives. It was she that thus fired the girl's imagination and urged her to her great work for humanity.

TWO FINE OLD GRANDFATHERS

AMONG the delightful records of the boyish years that Mr. Jesse R. Grant passed in the White House while his father was President, and that he has recently been writing in Harper's Magazine, occur these gently amusing remarks about his grandparents:

Grandmother Grant could never be persuaded to visit us at the White House. All of father's frequent efforts to induce her to come to us met with refusal. And so we often went to her; never were such gingersnaps as Grandmother Grant made. She lived to be more than eighty-five years of age; her death occurred only two years before father's.

But, although grandmother would not accompany him, my grandfather, Jesse Root Grant, after whom I was named, frequently visited us at the White House. Small boy that I was, my sincere affection for my two grandfathers was tinged with amusement when they were together.

Grandfather Dent was a courtier with all the savoir-faire of the Old South, whereas Grandfather Grant, at heart no less kindly and considerate and never repellent, was by nature

taciturn and self-contained. Perhaps the single infirmity that he would acknowledge intensified his natural reserve. With advancing years he had grown deaf. To me this was a curious deafness, for I was his confidant and knew that he commonly understood much that he was not expected to hear. But to Grandfather Dent this deafness was the infirmity of extreme old age, and he always treated Grandfather Grant as one feeble and vastly his senior.

Grandfather Grant would come into a room to find Grandfather Dent ensconced in an easy chair before the fire. Instantly the latter would spring to his feet. "Accept my chair, Mr. Grant."

Grandfather Grant would never hear. Stepping as spryly as the other, he would seize the stiffest, most uncompromising chair at hand and draw it up to the fire. He always sat stiff and straight, never lounging in his chair. Grandfather Dent would hover anxiously over him, urging upon him the more comfortable seat, which Grandfather Grant would never accept.

Often I have heard Grandfather Dent say to mother in effect: "You should take better care of that old gentleman, Julia. He is feeble and deaf as a post, and yet you permit him to wander alone all over Washington. It is not safe; he should never be allowed out without an attendant."

And Grandfather Grant, who was supposed to hear nothing, would say aside to me: "Did you hear him, Jesse? I hope I shall not live to become as old and infirm as your Grandfather Dent."

MR. BUFFORD AND HIS TURNIP

THE different "tall" stories printed recently in The Companion have recalled to a contributor some of the stories his father and mother used to tell and laugh over when he was a boy in Indiana. There was a man named Bufford, who used to tell the most extraordinary stories about himself until he seemed to believe that they were true.

"In the early days," he would say, "the ground was new and rich and produced wonderful crops. I once sowed a four acre lot to oats, which grew so tall and thick that it wasn't possible to cut it with any of the tools we then had. Accordingly I turned the cows and horses into the field to get what they could out of the crop. The lot was fenced with a worm rail fence, eight rails high, and after the cows and horses had tramped round in that field for a few days the threshed oats began to get deeper and deeper until they ran out over the top of the fence."

"I almost forgot to tell you about a big turnip I once raised. I sowed a patch about ten rods square to turnips one year, and for some reason the seed was bad and only one of them grew. This one, however, did amazingly well, and when it had finished in the fall it had pushed the fence down entirely round the patch. One time when I was telling a crowd of men at the store about this turnip another fellow at once started in to tell about seeing a large kettle being made; that kettle, he said, was so big that, although there were a hundred men working at it, they were so far apart they couldn't hear one another hammer. When I asked him what they were going to do with such a monstrous kettle he soberly replied that they were going to cook my turnip in it. That made me sort of mad, and just for spite I never would tell them what a lucky shot I once made across a wide river."

A TIN-CAN HOUSE

DURING the war, writes a correspondent, part of the American Expeditionary Force to Siberia was quartered in barracks at the foot of Svetyanskaya Street in Vladivostok. Not far from the mess quarters a sizable pile of empty tin cans had accumulated. On several occasions I had noticed Chinamen industriously poking round in the pile, but attached no significance to the fact until one morning I overtook a cart joggling along a country road, laden with nearly uniform round cans from the pile. I decided to follow it.

Over a hilltop and into a valley went the cart and stopped near a bend in the road. Several cartloads of cans had already been dumped beside a clay bank near by, and half a dozen blue-denimed workmen were busily filling them with clay and then pressing the loose covers firmly in place. Other workmen were carrying the filled cans to a spot where the ground had been prepared for a building.

I watched the progress of the house that day and for several days following, and in about a week saw the completed structure. It was built almost entirely of cans placed with the butt ends out; the spaces between were filled with clay mixed with tough dried grass. The roof was of ten-gallon oil cans that had been cut and flattened, and the walls inside were glazed with clay until not a sign of tin remained. With the sun shining on it, the outside of the house was like a mirror seen from a distance.

After several weeks I chanced to go that way again and beheld half a dozen children playing round the house while the mother or perhaps the grandmother sat contentedly on the doorstep, smoking a long black pipe. As

she surveyed my somewhat rotund figure I fancied she was perhaps wondering how many empty cans I had furnished for her dwelling.

A PAIR OF QUEER KINGS

AMONG the gossiping reminiscences of Maj. Gen. Sir Francis Howard, whose father was once British minister at Munich, are some strange tales of the various "queer" kings of Bavaria. Their queerness ranged all the way from mere oddity to outright insanity.

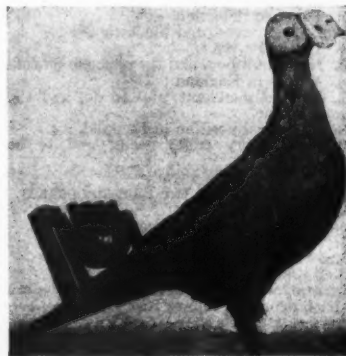
The mad King Ludwig, he writes, passed most of his time at Hohenschwangau, one of his numerous palaces on the mountains, driving about at a furious pace by night only and in the winter seated in a sleigh lit by electricity. His companions were mostly stablemen; no servants waited on him at meals; the table came up through a trap door in the floor and disappeared in the same manner when done with.

After he had been officially deposed because of his madness he was put under the charge of a brain specialist, an old man named Gutten. They were always attended by two gendarmes, but one day the king persuaded Gutten to dispense with them. When he and Gutten were talking amicably on a bench close to the Lake of Starnberg the king, who was a good swimmer, suddenly jumped up and rushed into the water. Gutten, who thought he was trying to commit suicide, ran after him. So far as the incident could be reconstructed in the absence of any witness they appear to have closed with each other. Gutten had not much of a chance; the king seized him by the throat, strangled him and held him under the water until life was extinct. Then he started to swim round the point, where according to rumor the empress of Austria had sent a carriage to wait for him and drive him over the frontier, but the icy water brought on cramp, and he was drowned.

Another King of Bavaria, the son of Prince Ludwig, wore atrociously-fitting clothes. He could constantly be met strolling unattended round the town with one of his daughters. He generally acknowledged a greeting by lifting his hat by the back of the brim instead of by the front. By that means he kept the hat looking quite new in front; unless you stared at him from behind you could not observe the dilapidated condition of it.

PIGEON WHISTLES

THE Chinese pigeon shown in the accompanying illustration, which we reprint from the Nature Magazine, is wearing one of the many forms of pigeon whistles that are common in China. There are two distinct types of whistles—those that consist of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and those that are based on the principle of tubes attached to a gourd body or wind chest. The tube whistles have either two, three or five tubes. The gourd whistles are furnished with a mouthpiece and small apertures to the number of two, three, six, ten and even thirteen. These varieties are



distinguished by different names; thus a whistle with one mouthpiece and ten tubes is called "the eleven-eyed one."

The materials used in the construction of the whistles are small gourds that serve for the bodies, and several kinds of bamboo for the large and small tubes. The whistles are lacquered in yellow, brown, red and black to protect the material from the atmosphere. They are attached to the tail of the pigeons by means of fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind blowing through the whistles sets them to vibrating and produces an open-air concert. The instruments carried by the birds of a flock are all tuned differently.

TAKING A WILDCAT BAREHANDED

A WILDCAT in a zoological park in Denver has an exciting history. When captured, that cat acted as if—but here is the story from the beginning:

Helmar, a young forest ranger from the East, had his first station on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, near Salida, Colo-

rado. One day while he and a tie contractor named Briggs were riding, unarmed, through a piece of timber they jumped a wildcat, which immediately took to a tree.

Helmar turned abruptly to his companion. "Briggs," he said, "if you'll catch him when he drops, I'll climb the tree and knock that cat out."

Briggs thought Helmar was fooling. "If you'll knock him out, I'll hogtie him and pack him home," he replied, laughing.

Helmar dismounted and tied his horse at a safe distance from the tree. Briggs did the same. Armed with a long stick, Helmar shinned up the tree and started out along the limb on which the cat had taken refuge.

Only then did Briggs realize that his companion intended to make good his boast. Not to be outdone, he whipped off his leather coat, got a rope from his saddle and took a position as close as he dared to the spot where the cat should fall.

Helmar crowded the creature back until the branch drooped lower and lower. Then he shook it. The cat fell, but for some reason—perhaps it was fright—instead of on its feet it struck squarely on its back and lay there, stunned.

Briggs rushed forward, enveloped it in the leather coat and bound it round and round with the rope. When the creature revived it was a prisoner.

But Briggs still had to get the cat home to complete his bargain. As it happened, he was riding an old, broken-down pony that he had secured for his two little girls. An attempt to load the cat on the nag's back, however, brought youthful fire to his eye and lightness to his step. It was harder to subdue the pony and tie the cat behind the saddle than it had been to capture the beast. Finally the two men succeeded; then they mounted and rode down to the forks of the trail, where they separated, each to go his own way.

Barely had they parted when Briggs's pony went into the air and pitched the rider head first into the brush. Then the pony went bucking and snorting for camp. Helmar, who had heard the racket, came loping back. Riding double, they pursued the runaway pony to the lumber camp.

At the camp there was a horse corral built of logs. It had two gates, one of which, used for feedings, had a cross-bar on it just high enough to prevent the horses from escaping while being fed. Outside that small gate Helmar and Briggs found the saddle with the cat still securely tied to it. The pony was in the corral. In his fright he had evidently got down on his knees and scraped the saddle from his back as he squeezed under the bar.

The two men made a cage for the cat and moved it to a grocery store in Salida; from there it was soon shipped to Denver.

LINCOLN'S INTERRUPTED BREAKFAST

I WAS ten years old and omnivorously curious, writes Mr. Edward P. Mitchell in Scribner's Magazine, when the disposer of lucky chances to meritorious youth gave me my first and only sight of Abraham Lincoln.

It was just after the disastrous second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, as Confederate history styles the engagement. An uncle of mine by marriage was Dr. Henry M. Pierce, then president of Rutgers Female Institute, next to which we lived in the block of castellated dwellings in Fifth Avenue between Forty-first and Forty-second streets. Dr. Pierce happened to be greatly interested in the development of improved methods for the care of the wounded. He had contrived appliances of first aid that were believed to be far in advance of the then existing practice, however crude and archaic they may now seem alongside the modern equipment of war surgery.

It had already been my privilege to attend a demonstration of the new ambulance and stretcher system in the Academy of Music at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street. The great opera house was thronged with spectators holding free tickets; but I am sure nobody present could have been more thrilled than myself at the representation of a desperate combat, with its rattle of musketry and boom of heavy artillery and glare of red fire and clouds of copiously produced and highly pervasive battle smoke that obstinately refused to keep from drifting over the footlights. The stage was strewn with "dead" and "wounded" in blue and gray.

Then Dr. Pierce's improved ambulances entered the scene, shiny in new varnish and drawn by cobs smartly caparisoned in new harness. Dr. Pierce's skilled stretcher-bearers descended rapidly with their improved stretchers and picked up the supposedly mangled unfortunates, deposited them in the improved ambulances and, accompanied by spirited applause from the dead-head audience, drove off to the imaginary field hospital somewhere in the wings. In less time than it takes for the telling the battle stage was cleared of its welter.

After the exhibition in the Academy of Music, perhaps in consequence of it and its coincidence with the distressing sequels to the second Bull Run, Uncle Henry obtained an appointment for a certain morning at nine o'clock at the White House to explain his ideas to the President in person. He was good enough to take me with him. When the appointed morn-

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ing came for the interview with Mr. Lincoln we walked over to the White House. The negro doorman led us through what seemed an endless succession of apartments. Then he threw a door open and stood aside to let us enter.

It was a small room. At a small table in the middle of it sat Mr. Lincoln all alone, facing us and eating his breakfast. At the opening of the door he raised his eyes and gazed at the unexpected comers. The large hand holding the fork that carried what both Uncle Henry and I remembered as a considerable portion of Boston baked beans remained suspended for several seconds midway between the plate and the half-open mouth. His expression, rather sad at first sight, changed quickly to surprise and then to mild annoyance. Lincoln was at that time in the depths of anxiety concerning the war situation; but both of his involuntary guests at the threshold of the private breakfast room could have testified that the burden of responsibility had not affected his appetite.

Of course there was dismay on the part of the blundering attendant and half-articulate apologies from my uncle, followed by a hurried withdrawal of the intruders. We were conducted to the proper antechamber, and in due time and due form Uncle Henry was summoned by Mr. Hay or Mr. Nicolay for the interview on ambulan-ces—a conference in which it was not my fortune to participate. Nor can I say whether Uncle Henry's errand to Washington had results beneficial to the Union wounded.

TEASING MOTHER

MRS. CLEMENS was always a faithful critic of her distinguished husband's writing, and Mark Twain in his autobiography and elsewhere gives grateful testimony to the value of her suggestions in improving his literary taste. But he could not help having a little fun with her.

The children, he says, always helped their mother to edit my books in manuscript. She would sit on the porch at the farm and read aloud, with her pencil in her hand, and the children would keep an alert and suspicious eye upon her right along, for the belief was well grounded in them that whenever she came across a particularly satisfactory passage she would strike it out. Their suspicions were well founded. The passages that were so satisfactory to them always had an element of strength in them, which sorely needed modification or expurgation and was always sure to get it at their mother's hand.

For my own entertainment and to enjoy the protests of the children I often abused my editor's innocent confidence. I often interlarded remarks of a studied and felicitously atrocious character purposely to achieve the children's delight and see the pencil do its fatal work. I often joined my supplications to the children's for mercy and strung the argument out and pretended to be in earnest. It was three against one and most unfair. But it was very delightful, and I could not resist the temptation. Now and then we gained the victory, and there was much rejoicing. Then I privately struck the passage out myself. It had served its purpose. It had furnished three of us with good entertainment, and in being removed from the book by me it was only suffering the fate originally intended for it.

HOW TO KEEP AN UMBRELLA

THE late chief justice of British Columbia, Sir Matthew Baillie Begbie, combined with more notable qualities uncommon shrewdness and humor in the small affairs of life. At a time when many complaints were heard of the theft of umbrellas from public places a friend asked him how he managed to keep possession of his—a very handsome umbrella with a chased silver handle.

The judge evaded the question, but a week later they met again in the cloak room of a court. The judge called his friend's attention to the umbrella rack, which contained half a dozen umbrellas of all sorts and conditions, and asked which of them he considered was least likely to be taken "by mistake." The friend pointed to one that, although of fair quality, had no handle.

"That's mine," said the judge and, taking a beautiful silver handle from his pocket and screwing it on to the cripple, added: "Now you know how I keep my umbrella."

A DOG WITH TEN TAILS

IN a certain published book there appeared as an example of "brilliance" the following problem and solution:

A small boy who wanted a pair of skates said to his father one night, "Father, will you get me a pair of skates if I can prove to you that a dog has ten tails?"

The father smiled and nodded, and the boy began: "Well, one dog has more tails than no dog, hasn't he?"

"Right."

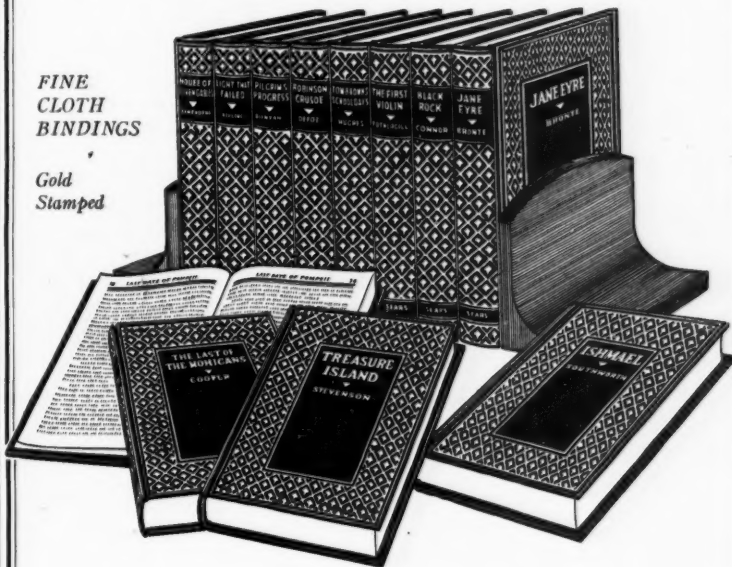
"Well, then, if no dog has nine tails and one dog has one more tail than no dog, then one dog must have ten tails."

The small boy got the skates.

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